THE NEW

STATESMAN AND NATION

The Week-end Review

Vol. XLII. No. 1080 [Incorporating THE ATHENÆUM] SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 17, 1951 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a newspaper] NINEPENCE

CONTENTS

	Page
COMMENTS	549
DOLLARS FOR DEFENCE?	552
OURSELVES AND OUR CRITICS	552
LONDON DIARY. By Critic	553
WOMEN'S RITES. By Sagittarius	554
THIS ENGLAND	554
POISON GAS IN PARIS. By Alexander Werth	554
EDUCATION IN DANGER. By G. D. H. Cole	555
SMOKE AND SANITY. By Mervyn Jones	556
THE DROUTHY SCOT. By Morris Linden	558
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT: Haydn in the Theatre. By Desmond Shawe-Taylor	560
THE ARTS AND ENTERTAINMENT—*contd.* Present Painting. By John Berger	560
The Movies. By William Whitebait	561
Radio Notes. By Naomi Lewis	561
CORRESPONDENCE: From Hugh Jenkins; T. Balogh; L. C. White; W. E. Fildes; Rev. F. H. Amphlett Micklewright; H. E. Earle; Geoffrey Drain; Bernard McCabe; M. P. Picard; R. Vernon Beste; Douglas of Kirtleside; R. Morton Mitchell; P. Winter.	562
BOOKS IN GENERAL. By V. S. Pritchett	565
THE TALL WORDS. By Padraic Fallon	566
REVIEWS:	Page
The Regent's Daughter. By Ralph Partridge	566
L'Univers Concentrationnaire. By Stephen Spender	566
New Novels. By J. D. Scott	568
The Self-made Traveller. By Janet Adam Smith	570
The Conquering Economist. By Richard Winter	570
Shakespeare's World. By J. I. M. Stewart	571
SHORTER REVIEWS	571
WEEK-END COMPETITIONS	572
CHESS. By Assiac	573

Mystery at Panmunjon

WHAT is holding up the "cease-fire" negotiations in Korea? About ten days ago the outlook for a truce seemed to have become much more favourable. After their initial rigidity the Chinese and North Korean negotiators had dropped completely their original demand that U.N. forces should make a considerable withdrawal, and that there should be a No Man's Land north and south of the 38th Parallel. Instead, they had offered to accept, for the cease-fire, a "contact line" based on positions now held. This appeared to give the Americans substantially what they had demanded—with the exception of Kaesong, just south of the Parallel. This would have remained in Communist hands; but the Americans claimed it ostensibly on the grounds that they would have captured it but for the previous parleys in that town, and that a properly "adjusted line" should include it in their territory. With this point still unsettled, the U.S. negotiators next insisted that, before the shooting could end, there must be agreement on the other items on the agenda—the exchange of prisoners and the "supervision" of the fulfilment of the "standstill" terms. The Communists, as was surely to be expected, objected that these further discussions of points which really form part of armistice, rather than cease-fire conditions, would merely give the U.N. forces time to launch a further offensive with the aim of improving their positions round Kaesong.

The result of these developments has been to make Western journalists on the spot begin to ask why it is apparently the Americans who are now creating difficulties. What, they ask, is the significance of Kaesong, and what accounts for a reluctance to halt hostilities which are costing the U.N. forces battle casualties of over 2,000 a week—to say nothing of those caused by the reported outbreak of Manchurian Fever among the troops? The correspondent of the *News Chronicle* has reported that Allied correspondents in Korea are mystified, and that they are further baffled by the enigmatic statement of General Hodges, the leader of the U.N. truce team, that "there is method in our madness." What is the method? What motive is so compelling that the U.S. command should take the risk of creating among its own troops—as George Barrett, of the *New York Times* reports to be the case—the demoralising impression that "their own commanders, for reasons unknown to the troops, are throwing up blocks against an agreement"? Is the explanation, as some have suggested, to be sought in the fact that valuable deposits of tungsten lie between Kaesong and Seoul? Or can it be true that some elements in the Pentagon, as Mr. Hanson Baldwin hints, see an advantage in the Korean campaign as a training exercise whose premature termination need not be over-zealously sought?

The most dangerous factor in this mystifying and profoundly unsatisfactory situation is that if the Chinese and North Koreans become convinced that the other side are blocking a cease-fire, for reasons relevant to their advantage in a long-term settlement for the partitioning of Korea, they may go back on the concessions they made in offering to accept the present "contact line." It is significant that Mr. Vyshinsky, in Paris this week, referred once more to the Parallel as the basis for a Korean truce; and it should not be forgotten that Marshal Stalin himself declared that the alternative to an agreed armistice would be a Communist offensive which would drive the Allies out of Korea. The U.S. Command is surely playing with fire.

Deadlock in Paris?

If the Western disarmament plan tabled in Paris is stillborn, the reasons are not far to seek: its terms, like those of the Russian counter-proposals, ignored realities. It was as unrealistic to expect Mr. Vyshinsky to accept inspection of Soviet factories while the current Western arms programme drives ahead, as it was for him to demand the dissolution of N.A.T.O. —incompatible, he argued, with membership of the U.N.—as a condition precedent to disarmament on his side. Yet, as our Paris correspondent observes in his report on page 554, there was more common ground between the two declarations than most newspaper readers were led to believe. Both sides urged the need for a cease-fire in Korea; and both professed to want "practical measures" to limit armaments, conventional and atomic. Mr. Vyshinsky added a plea for a Five-Power peace pact. This would be premature: the barrier to any progress in these directions is not only, as Mr. Werth remarks, the absence of good will, but the concrete obstructions offered both by the anomolous position of China and, even more formidable, the relation of the Powers to Germany. The latest Western move —the proposal that a U.N. Commission should inquire whether conditions in East Germany make free elections possible—has been rejected by the U.S.S.R. as a contravention of the Potsdam Agreement and their rights as occupying Power. This rejection will probably be used by Dr.

Adenauer as a reason for holding up the Pieck proposals for an all-German electoral commission under the ægis of the Occupying Powers. The question, however, whether German unity is thus to be delayed is less crucial than whether the West means to go ahead with the rearmament of "its" Germans.

Middle East Moves

The cold war against the British troops in the Canal Zone was intensified this week, as more Egyptian labour was withdrawn—to be replaced by Cypriots and yet further reinforcements from home. Meanwhile in the political stratosphere the efforts to prevent the Arab States from rushing in to support Egyptian intransigence were intensified. The studiously conciliatory tone of the Four-Power statement on Middle East defence was sufficient to deter Iraq, Saudi-Arabia and Lebanon from precipitate action. In Syria, which is dominated by a pro-Egyptian military clique, it caused a Cabinet crisis, and the removal of an unreliable Prime Minister by his colleagues. There is no doubt that most of the Arab States are interested in a plan which might start a flow of American dollars into the Middle East. But public opinion, particularly in Iraq, is nearly as anti-British as it is in Cairo, and any politician who commits himself even indirectly to the support of "British imperialism" goes in fear of assassination. Sooner or later we shall be forced to make some concessions to Egyptian national feeling. If we fail to do it spontaneously, we may, as in Persia, have the galling experience of American mediation.

Meanwhile the Israelis too are feeling the squeeze. The steadily deteriorating economic situation has forced Mr. Sharet to announce the abandonment of the neutralist policy of "non-participation" and to express—in terms like those used by Marshal Tito—a readiness to side with those who assist the new State. But the unconcealed friction between American Jewry and the Israeli, which was the most remarkable feature of the recent Zionist Congress in Jerusalem, indicated clearly enough that, if Israel has to accept protection from a Great Power, she still prefers Britain to the U.S.A., particularly since the tough British line in Egypt is naturally popular in Tel-Aviv. The end result may well be an Israeli decision to stand aside from the Middle Eastern defence plan (at least until her Arab neighbours prepare to negotiate a peace settlement) and to develop the closest collaboration with Britain.

How Much Deflation?

Under present conditions a rise of one-half of one per cent. in Bank Rate is no great matter. Very few borrowers are likely to be deterred by having to pay a rather higher rate for capital, or even for credit—though in a few industries the higher cost of carrying stocks may compel "weak" traders to unload. The change in Bank Rate would have needed to be a great deal bigger to produce of itself the major deflationary effects which some of the financial journals have been demanding. The impact of the small change made by Mr. Butler will depend on what the joint stock banks and the City proceed to do in connection with it. If the Treasury encourages them to treat it as a signal to restrict credit by refusing new claims and calling in existing overdrafts on a significant scale, then deflation will set in—but not as a necessary result of the change in Bank Rate itself.

It will be surprising if such a policy of "disinflation" is carried very far. The increasing demands of rearmament and the need for a fresh expansion of exports at the same time both involve considerable demands for additional credit. What is likely to happen is that the banks will be advised to meet these new claims with the least possible increase in the total volume of credit outstanding; and this will mean a contraction of credit to firms serving mainly or exclusively domestic markets. There may well be adverse reactions on employment in the industries and trades most directly affected by this diversion of credit resources; but nobody can tell at present whether the effects will be great or small.

The Engineers' Pound

Meanwhile, on the industrial front, the inevitable movement to adjust wages to *past* increases in prices gathers force. On the railways, both sides have accepted the Tribunal's award of an 8 per cent. increase—four-fifths of what the unions claimed—with the consequence that the Railway Executive has asked the Ministry of Transport for permission to increase freight charges as an off-set to the £14 m. addition to the annual wage-bill. The railway award seemed likely to set the pace in other industries; but the employers have offered the engineering Confederation only 55 per cent. of their claim—eleven shillings instead of a pound a week. This offer, coupled with an extra week's paid holiday, will be considered next week by the General Council of the Confederation; but it is so far below the sum demanded that acceptance might involve the risk of sporadic "go slow" protests.

Private Ownership of Steel

It became clear from the Minister of Supply's speech to the Commons last Monday that the Government has as yet no clear idea of how it is going to return the iron and steel industry to private ownership. The Iron and Steel Corporation has been directed by the Minister that, pending its dissolution, it may not make any changes in the financial structure or management of its companies or dispose of any of its undertakings or securities without written Ministerial consent. This move gives the Government time to find an answer. Mr. Strauss, in a forthright and effective speech for the Opposition, added considerably to the Government's difficulty by giving formal notice that, when a Labour Government returns, not only will the industry be restored to public ownership but no further compensation will be paid and full account will be taken of any dividends over 3½ per cent paid out in the meantime. The Government's main problem will now be to find a method of marketing steel shares which bears the slightest resemblance to "free" enterprise. Meanwhile opinion in official circles and the industry is increasingly alarmed at the prospect of a ding-dong battle continuing, perhaps, over years. Voices, which a few weeks ago were wholeheartedly in support of the Conservative Opposition, are now asking whether the Conservative Government would not be wiser to seek a compromise acceptable to Labour. Mr. Sandys may find that the existing dispensation offers the only chance of compromise. The form of nationalisation chosen for steel is a particularly loose one and does not of itself impose any changes on the industry at company level. It gives the Corporation and the Government very considerable latitude in the degree of control exercised. The fact that Mr. Sandys can, as a first step, curb the operations of the Corporation by a "general direction" derived from the nationalising Act itself means that a Conservative Government can ensure the industry's being run on whatever lines it thinks appropriate. The only inescapable result of nationalisation is that the capital—and therefore the profits—of steel now belong to the nation. If the Government persists in its attempt to undo the work of the last two Parliaments, it will achieve nothing that it could not achieve under nationalisation, except the creaming off of high profits to private or institutional shareholders. The Conservative Party, the steel industry and the City would be ill-advised to imagine that Labour, in or out of office, will ever compromise on this.

Arrests in Spain

The silence of dictatorship in Spain was broken dramatically last March by the sudden outbreak of mass strikes in Barcelona and elsewhere in Catalonia. Eye-witness reports showed that these strikes were the consequence of deepening poverty and hunger, and that they won the support of many middle-class people as well as the great majority of the industrial workers of Catalonia. Many hundreds of men and women were arrested by the police. Most of these were subsequently released, and the minds and methods that organised this impressive demonstration remained unknown. Then, at the end of June and in July, the police arrested a group of men and women whom they charged with responsibility for organising the strikes.

News of these events, only now published, show that Franco's reply to a strike against intolerable conditions is to make vindictive arrests. What is worse, and calls for active protest, is that these 34 workers have now been transferred from the so-called "model prison" in Barcelona to the prison of Ocaña, in Toledo, notorious as the place of detention for men and women who are to be tried on capital offences, and afterwards executed. It is to be hoped that the British Government will enter a strong word of protest against the continued detention of these men and women. It was partly to be available for such purposes, we were told, that a British Ambassador was lately sent to Madrid.

Malta Protests

On Tuesday of this week a document was laid on the table of the Maltese Parliament which seemed to show that in sending an American air squadron to Malta recently the United States had in mind something far more serious than temporary collaboration with the R.A.F. in manœuvres. It was fairly clear that the Americans are now pleased that they have

established a new base in the Mediterranean without meeting with opposition from the Maltese people. The Maltese Labour Party, however, is making a strong protest. It does not necessarily object to an American base in Malta, but is angry that the Maltese Parliament and people were not consulted in the matter, that Malta has not been compensated for giving these facilities, and that the detailed negotiations with the Americans have never been made public. Indeed, it is even suggested that the Maltese Prime Minister was tricked; he apparently believed that he had only sanctioned the arrival of the American squadron for manœuvres. The Maltese contention is that no permanent base can be legally established in Malta without the consent of the Maltese people. This principle, we gather, is not disputed by the Colonial Office.

The Eisenhower Enigma

Will Eisenhower become a candidate at next year's presidential election? This question, which has been looming larger all this summer, almost overshadowed the more urgent aspects of the Truman-Eisenhower meeting. Unlike General Sherman, once similarly sought after, Eisenhower has not made any statement so categorical as "If nominated, I shall not run: if elected, I shall not serve." On the contrary, he refused to rise to the bait offered by persistent reporters and flatly disown the Eisenhower-for-President movement which is now gathering strength. After talking to Senator Duff, of Pennsylvania, one of its most energetic leaders, the General evaded the question whether he had given Duff authority to act for him, and said that it wasn't his business to interfere with the sincere actions of friends "who believe they know how I would act." Eisenhower at least seems to be "available."

But most speculation centred around the detailed account of the Eisenhower-Truman discussion which was written by Arthur Krock in the *New York Times*. Krock, who is a cautious and responsible journalist, stated that at the Blair House lunch last week Mr. Truman offered to stand down and support the General if he would accept the Democratic nomination. This repetition of the offer that the President made to Eisenhower at Potsdam in 1945, came, according to Krock, as the climax of previous attempts to win the General for the Democrats. There seems little doubt that Mr. Truman would rather see Eisenhower in the White House than any other possible candidate, and that he would be unwilling to run against the General, just as Eisenhower might refuse to be drafted if Mr. Truman intended to seek re-election. And, if the President is intending to withdraw, as the Democratic leader he would clearly prefer that such a potential election-winner as Eisenhower should run as a Democratic and drag in behind him the lesser party candidates all over the country.

The Krock story, however, suggests that Eisenhower pointed out that he could not accept much of the Democratic domestic policy, especially its "pro-union" attitude. So far as the Republicans are concerned, it is clear that the Eisenhower supporters are now more confident that they can "draft" the General. This may be true. Eisenhower may at this time be trying to discover whether Senator Taft would be willing, if the General did not come forward as a rival for the nomination, to give some guarantee that a Taft victory would not mean a reversal of the "pro-Europe" policy pursued by Mr. Truman and supported by Eisenhower.

If such approaches lead nowhere, then the General may decide to relinquish his command and run. But first he would have to be satisfied that Mr. Truman—his Commander-in-Chief and his friend—was not seeking re-election, and, secondly, he would not resign his post if he believed war to be likely in Europe. Some sign of his ultimate intentions must come in the New Year, since his supporters propose to enter him in the New Hampshire primary, and unless he personally withdraws he will then be a declared candidate. Indeed, even so strong a contender cannot leave his campaign too late. Those who wish to support him must know in time if he does not intend to run, so that they may make the normal deals with other candidates. This is especially true this year, since Senator Taft—afraid that the prize may once more elude him—is already actively campaigning and lining up definite commitments from convention delegates.

The results in last week's local elections across the U.S. give an interesting pointer towards next year's campaign. In New York City, both the Democratic and Republican candidates for the key post of President of the City Council were soundly beaten by Rudolph Halley, an Independent running with Liberal support. Halley, who came into the television spotlight as the very effective "prosecutor" of the sensational Kefauver crime inquiry, thus repeated the success last year of Vincent Impelliteri, who became Mayor after a campaign against corrupt machine-ridden city government. This was the pattern of other contests. In Philadelphia, where the Republican machine had been the target of shocking graft exposures, the Democrats won control of the city for the first time in sixty-seven years. In Boston, a reform group swept the Curley machine out of power. In other cities, recently, the scene of revelations about the tie-up between local politics, graft, vice and gambling, the incumbent administrations were overthrown.

There is, indeed, another "clean government" crusade sweeping across the United States, and popular disgust at corrupt and criminal politics was shown to be a powerful electoral weapon for the "outs." This mood has undoubtedly been fostered by the publicity that television has given to the crime investigations. And the Republicans are already planning to capitalise on it nationally next year. The scandals in the Federal income-tax collection, the favouritism and nepotism in the loan of money from the Reconstruction Finance Corporation, and some lesser but still discreditable operations by prominent Democrats, have suggested that "corruption" may be a better campaign cry than "bureaucracy."

In Westminster

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes:—The post-election House of Commons looks just like the old one after a looking-glass change. Everybody is the same, but everything is the other way round. The consequent air of illusion is increased by the composition of the Government. Apart from one or two strikingly improbable individual appointments, the most unusual feature of Mr. Churchill's Cabinet-making is the disproportionate number of Peers in the highest positions. Already a subject of banter in the country, this is beginning to cause some genuine uneasiness in the Commons. It will be difficult for members to perform effectively their duty of controlling the Executive when the highest authorities in Food, Agriculture, Transport, Fuel and Commonwealth Relations, together with three other members of the Cabinet and two other heads of Departments, are sheltered from Parliamentary criticism in the mid-Victorian seclusion of the Upper House. Of course, it is necessary that some Ministers should be Peers. But in Mr. Attlee's administration care was taken that these appointments should not deprive the Commons of its full right to harry the Government on the main popular issues.

It is too early to generalise about the demeanour and tactics of either Party. Government supporters have had an uncomfortable week watching the brave new world of their election addresses dissolve in the deluge of contemporary fact. More food and greater variety? More coal and cheaper? An end to restrictions and the rising cost of living? Few, if any, failed to promise, implicitly or explicitly, all these rewards in return for a Tory Government. The bargain was sealed. But within a week Major Lloyd George (Food), Mr. Lloyd (Coal) and Mr. Butler have kicked the whole crazy contract to pieces. For excellent reasons, no doubt; but the same reasons that had been fully publicised by Mr. Webb, Mr. Noel Baker and Mr. Gaitskell in their term of office. As one Labour Member remarked, "It isn't so much what they're doing that I object to, as the lies they told about it all." That criticism is basically just and may stick. The disillusion is evident on Conservative back-bench faces. Many of them, indeed are genuinely surprised, being more familiar with the *Daily Express* than official statistics. It was left to Mr. Churchill with the engaging cynicism of a more robust generation to sum it all up. Asked by Mr. Mikardo why he had not, as Prime Minister, acted on a precept he had laid down as Leader of the Opposition, he replied, "The point of view somewhat alters as events advance."

Labour Members would be less than human if they did not betray some pleasure at the Conservative embarrassment; and they have done so—on one or two occasions going beyond the more elegant canons of deportment. But this is no more than the small change of Parliamentary intercourse. Labour's real problem—and it appears no small one—is to agree on a coherent line of opposition. Mr. Gaitskell's gentle, metooing response to the Chancellor's economic speech was not very happily received on his own back-benches. At least the Party is sure it wants to fight the Tories. But if the new Government merely carries on the policy of the old, what to fight about? Mr. Jay and Mr. Webb both managed to couch speeches in sufficiently combative terms to provide temporary assuagement of back-bench passions. So did Mr. Strauss and Mr. Callaghan, playing traditional roles in the ritual drama of Steel and Transport which occupied the the House last Monday. Ultimately, however, Labour has to decide what major and constructive opposition to offer to a Government whose policy may not differ very much from the last twelve months of Labour rule. Meanwhile, Mr. Bevan sits and waits. Time and events, he is thought to believe, are on his side. Soon the Labour Party will join them.

JACK HOOLE

The staff of this journal has lost a valued colleague through the death of H. J. A. Hoole, who has been well-known in publishing circles for 40 years. The son of a London doctor and great-grandson of the first publisher of *Bradshaw*, Hoole joined *The Athenæum* in 1910. He held a commission in the 1st Cambridgeshire Regiment during World War I and, on returning, was in at the birth of *The London Mercury*. He joined *The New Statesman* in 1920. Jack Hoole was a delightful character, whose wit and charm will be missed not only in this office but throughout the publishing world.

Dollars for Defence?

WHAT comment should a Socialist make on the Chancellor's first statement to the House of Commons? To observe that Mr. Butler's dose came out of Mr. Gaitskell's bottle is obvious but a little misleading. True enough, drastic cuts in imports (especially foodstuffs) would have been made by any Chancellor whatever his Party. Our gold and dollar reserves were being exhausted at such a terrifying rate—about £120,000,000 a month—that something dramatic had to be done.

Mr. Butler's remedy, however, differs from Mr. Gaitskell's in one important particular. The new Chancellor has concentrated his effort on reducing our *overall* balance of trade and has turned a blind eye to the gaping dollar gap. Those who will suffer from our revived import quotas are not the American exporters of tobacco and films but those of our unfortunate European neighbours who relied on the stability of the European Payments Union and began to expand their exports to this country. The first effect of Mr. Butler's austerities, including the halving of the tourists' travel allowance, is to make an end of trade liberalisation so far as this country's relations with Europe are concerned. Dollar imports, on the other hand, remain unaffected.

This failure to make any pretence of trying to close the dollar gap would inevitably lead to another crisis of confidence in the pound within a few weeks unless it were universally expected that Britain is about to receive extensive dollar aid. Mr. Churchill will discuss the larger aspects when he goes to Washington in January. But even before this it will be necessary to obtain some immediate assistance in shoring up the pound sterling. The only source from which this can be derived is the sum allotted by Congress to N.A.T.O. for the purpose of ironing out inequalities in the burden of rearmament. At Ottawa, Mr. Gaitskell argued very persuasively that Britain was making undue sacrifices for rearmament, but he did not make a bid for the N.A.T.O. dollars. The only way to make sense of Mr. Butler's studied indifference to the perils of the dollar gap is to assume that he has now received a firm assurance from Mr. Harriman that some of these dollars will come his way.

Mr. Butler's decision to ask for American economic assistance is of the greatest political significance. It should be noted that his request is not merely for military aid, that is, the provision of machine tools or actual equipment; nor is he asking the Americans simply to ensure the delivery of materials we can afford to buy. What he is doing is to demand dollar assistance in order to prevent a second and possibly fatal devaluation of the pound. The same demand is being made simultaneously by France, where the symptoms of uncontrolled inflation and trade unbalance are even more acute. It is scarcely ten months since the ill-fated Brussels Conference where the national contributions to Western defence were fixed to meet General Eisenhower's insistence. Yet in the course of these ten months America's two chief European allies have been brought to the edge of economic collapse; Britain has been compelled to prejudice European recovery by throwing overboard her trade liberalisation, and has entered on a cut-throat competition with France for the limited amount of dollars immediately available.

The fact that the pace of Atlantic rearmament has undermined the recovery achieved under the Marshall Plan and thrown Britain and France back almost where they were in 1947 is frankly admitted in Washington and Paris. It is now tacitly admitted by Mr. Butler and Mr. Churchill. The only people who obstinately refuse to see the obvious are those ex-Ministers and Junior Ministers who still feel that party loyalty requires a rigid adherence to all the luckless predictions made by Mr. Gaitskell in his Budget speech. On that occasion Mr. Bevan, Mr. Wilson and Mr. Freeman predicted that we should fall into economic disaster if we continued to try to carry out the £4,700m. Defence programme without introducing a complete wartime economy such as no one was prepared even to propose. True, they made the error of predicting unemployment this autumn as the result of raw material shortages, whereas the disaster actually took the form of a balance of payments crisis and a flight from the pound. But they did recognise the disease from which we are suffering, whereas the rest of the Cabinet maintained (1) that the Defence programme was the minimum required, and (2) that it could be executed without *either* precipitating inflation *or* damaging our export drive *or* imperilling our gold and dollar reserve. The combined effects of American and British rearmament have shaken our unstable economy even more ruinously than Mr. Bevan and his colleagues foresaw. Instead of the increase in productivity of 4 per cent., on which Mr. Gaitskell based his whole elaborate Budget calculations, British real output ceased to expand this autumn for the first time since the fuel crisis. Instead of the boosted export drive on which he reckoned, we have seen a falling away of exports. Instead of the reduction in consumption which he planned, it has actually increased by 4 per cent.; and this, coupled with rearmament, has intensified inflation. Mr. Butler's tacit admission that dollar aid is required merely provides the last and most decisive confirmation of the Bevanite thesis.

The £4,700m. plan was adopted on the understanding that it was within the capacity of Britain, provided we could obtain the necessary raw materials. Now that it is admitted to be far beyond our strength, two possibilities are open. We can either cut the programme to the measure of our capacity or we can carry it through on the basis of large-scale American assistance. The second alternative might be tenable if anyone held that there is an immediate risk of war. But if there were, it would be mad not to introduce a full-scale war economy including direction of labour and the building of air-raid shelters. Since these steps are not being taken, we must assume that no one in Whitehall really believes that we are near to war; and, in that case, it is fair to ask why we should continue with a programme which, on its present scale, must jeopardise the economic independence for which successive Labour Chancellors strove for six long years.

This, of course, is not a question which can be directed to Mr. Churchill or Mr. Butler. The Prime Minister has long held that the process of history is mixing America and Britain together, and he probably welcomes the opportunity provided by Atlantic rearmament for accelerating the process. But the Labour Party has never accepted this view. Indeed, one of the chief arguments advanced in favour of large-scale British rearmament was that we should forfeit our independence if we relied on America for the defence of the United Kingdom. To be able to restrain the U.S.A., we were told, we must be strong in our own right. It is a queer way to achieve "independence" to undertake a Defence programme which makes us plead for American dollars in order to restore confidence in the pound!

On this issue it is vital that Labour should speak with a united voice. This will be possible as soon as the present Opposition front-bench reads the lesson of history and admits that its optimistic calculations went wrong. Once this is admitted, the whole Labour Party can agree only to support a Defence programme which fulfils three conditions. Unless we are faced with a crisis which justifies extreme measures, such as no one proposes to-day, it must not *either* jeopardise our export drive, *or* precipitate internal inflation which undermines the Welfare State, *or* make the stability of sterling dependent on dollar aid. We now know that the present Defence programme transgresses these three conditions. Is it not possible then for Bevanites and anti-Bevanites to unite in opposing a Conservative Government which seeks to maintain a Defence plan at the cost of our independence?

Ourselves and Our Critics

IN a most sensible article in last week's *Sunday Times* Sir David Kelly, until recently British Ambassador in Moscow, reports a Soviet newspaper as remarking "as an obvious fact that the 'Labourite weekly' *New Statesman* is a mouthpiece for frantic warmongers." This may surprise some readers of the American press who have recently been encouraged to believe that this journal is some sort of mouthpiece of Moscow. For our part we take this to be a Soviet tribute to the fact that we have held throughout that Moscow's foreign policy since the war has been at least as much responsible for the present world tension as that of the Western Powers, and that any *modus vivendi* demands Soviet as well as Western concessions. The effort to treat the topic of the cold war in a dispassionate spirit so outrages some people in this country as well as in the United States that they write columns of denunciation, accusing us of the strange new sin of anti-Americanism, apparently on the assumption that to be critical of the policy of General MacArthur, and of the powerful current of American opinion still at work in the same direction, is somehow a crime different in character from that of criticising the policy trends of other nations.

This journal has always been Social Democratic and continues to believe in the policy of creating a Welfare State here and of extending the idea of the Welfare State to the backward areas of the world. We have recommended moderation in rearmament. To substitute, in backward areas, a policy of development and partnership for one of exploitation and strategic occupation is, in our view, a far more potent safeguard against the spread of Communism than to bankrupt ourselves and the rest of the world by a concentration on armaments. This view is shared by many Americans who write to us in distress about the trend of policy in Washington. It seems odd that people should be shocked when we explain that to go on piling up arms while declaring that no agreement with the U.S.S.R. is worth the paper it is written on amounts to a war, not a peace, policy; that to accept, with reluctance, the figure of £3,600,000,000 for rearmament and to oppose the sum of £4,700,000,000 (with indefinite increases in the future) is scarcely, as the *Manchester Guardian* hysterically put it, a policy of "unarmed combat"; and that Western capitalism is opening the way for world Communism if its policy forces nascent nationalism into the willing arms of the U.S.S.R. and encourages coloured people everywhere to look to the Soviet Union as their champion against Western domination.

Amongst other strange charges trumped up against us is the revival of the myth that before the war we were a journal of "appeasement." This charge, which was last week repeated in our correspondence columns by Mr. Woodrow Wyatt, M.P., has also been recently made by Americans, who themselves went so far in appeasement that they were opposed to being in any way involved in the war against Hitler until compelled to do so by the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbour. The basis for such attacks is the fact that on one occasion in August, 1938 the *N.S. and N.* lapsed from grace and argued that the defence of the *status quo* in the Sudetenland was a bad *casus belli*, since England and France could do nothing to help the Czechs if Hitler attacked. This argument, contained in an editorial "comment" was an error—not an error in its insistence on our military incapacity to attack the Czechs, but in its singularly unhappy political timing, since it chimed with the policy which Lord Runciman was in fact pursuing and which was advocated in a *Times* leading article a fortnight later. It is fair to add, however, that so far from being a journal of appeasement, we persistently supported Mr. Churchill's demand for a united front against Germany; indeed an article appeared in this journal signed by its Editor on March 19, 1938, urging, we believe for the first time, that the British Labour Party should throw aside its scruples, accept the full implications of the Grand Alliance (the essence of which was the creation of a double front by the inclusion of Russia) and enter into partnership with Mr. Churchill as a last hope of preventing war. We continued to advocate this policy of collective resistance until it was in fact finally achieved in 1940, when Hitler was overrunning Europe. Throughout the Hitler period THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION was accused of warmongering. To-day, we again find ourselves in agreement with Mr. Churchill when he urges that our hope of survival once more lies in reaching some accommodation with the Soviet Union.

London Diary

WITH Mr. Churchill going to Washington in January, a remark made by Lord Halifax in a speech in New York early this month rouses curiosity. Lord Halifax is reported to have said that between the Americans and British there was need for "something more than a partnership—a relationship that cannot be dissolved." Is it conceivable that Mr. Churchill will suggest to the United States, perhaps to the whole of the Atlantic Treaty nations, a common citizenship such as he proposed to France at the darkest moment of 1940? A tall order! But some dramatic stroke would be characteristic of Mr. Churchill and it would have a particular appeal at this moment when the division between the Communist and non-Communist worlds has become flint-like, and the difficulty of maintaining genuine national independence against American pressure seems so great. When I think about what is involved in such a project—apart from such obvious benefits as getting rid of passports—I recall the fear and sorrow expressed by Shaw's King Magnus in *The Applecart*; he saw that the union with America meant the submergence of Britain. On that ground I should expect any such proposal to meet with violent opposition from Conservatives of the Empire crusading type. My own first objection would be that with the kind of America we have to-day, a unified West would mean an effort to impose a White supremacy over the peoples of Asia and Africa; they would certainly look to the Communist East as their liberator. The survival of civilisation to-day depends on the coloured peoples of the world being able to believe that freedom and prosperity can come from the West.

* * *

Few high honours have ever been welcomed with more general pleasure and less cynicism than Mr. Attlee's Order of Merit. Even the bitterest opponents of the Labour Government admit a reluctant admiration for his integrity, modesty and unselfish conception of service. The Labour Party, and most non-Party people, would add to these qualities a degree of leadership and authority which a backward glance over the past six years shows to have been none the less effective because it has been clothed in utility garments. Mr. Churchill is reputed to have dismissed these rare qualities on one occasion during the war with the jibe about Attlee as "a modest little man with a great deal to be modest about." This characteristic error of judgment is a clue both to Winston's "instant dismissal" at the end of the war and to his inability even now to gain a clear popular mandate. It is true that Mr. Churchill has all the traditional qualities of leadership. Yet, each time he speaks in an election, he loses his party votes. Mr. Attlee, paradoxically, has been since the end of the war Labour's greatest electoral asset. His homely speeches and his suburban approach may have done more than anything to change the nature of British electioneering. Intoxicating draughts of Churchillian oratory, no less than the four-ale vulgarity of acolytes like Brendan Bracken and Dr. Hill, are now viewed with something like suspicion by an electorate which prefers Mr. Attlee's nice cup of tea. The respect of election audiences, critically tuning in the family radio or sitting well-behaved and thoughtful in a tidy school-room, is some measure of what this "modest little man" has to be proud of.

* * *

What an odd story Raymond Postgate tells about George Lansbury's private papers! As Lansbury's son-in-law and his political associate for many years, he was asked to write his biography (published last week by Longmans). Lansbury gave Postgate a large collection of manuscripts—now in the L.S.E. library—and some boxes of official papers dating from the second Labour Government. These papers, Lansbury believed, would answer the attacks that Snowden and some others had made on him after the MacDonald fiasco. Postgate did not examine these papers carefully, as he had decided to leave the writing of the book until after the war. But, in 1943, Sir Norman Brook wrote from the Cabinet offices demanding the return of some unspecified documents. Postgate replied that when he had the time he would sort the papers and return anything which Lansbury had not been entitled to keep. In 1944, Sir Edward Bridges wrote a much stiffer and more pressing letter. After some correspondence, from which Postgate has not been able to quote, there came an interview with the Treasury Solicitor, who suavely told Postgate that only certain types of document were sought, and assured him that if the boxes were handed over, the necessary papers would be extracted and the rest returned.

On this assurance Postgate passed over to the officials thirty boxes. He now informs us that in spite of every effort, he has not been able to get any of the letters back—with the comic exception of a set of signed applications to subscribe to the *Labour Gazette* in 1893! Yet the final resolution of the Labour Cabinet in 1931 stated that Ministers were entitled to keep whatever they pleased, and Postgate has part of a correspondence between Lansbury and Churchill which suggests that a demand for these papers had been made as early as 1934, and that both Lansbury and Churchill had agreed that, while a Government might do as it please with its own records, it had no right over those of its predecessors. Lansbury himself had pointed out that such papers were not the property of the Crown, but of the Government concerned. This seizure, therefore, sounds, to a layman at least, as legally, as it is politically, dubious. It is a pity that the third Labour Government refused to reverse it. For the point, as Postgate says, is not whether there are some unfilled gaps in this excellent biography. It is how far Ministers are at liberty to suppress facts, not covered by the Official Secrets Act, which may prove personally or politically embarrassing.

* * *

There could not have been a better choice for the new Chair of Social Administration at

the London School of Economics than Mr. R. M. Titmuss. In his contribution to the official war history, *Problems of Social Policy*, he told the fascinating, and often fantastic, story of how our social services, along with the various government departments concerned, adapted themselves to the strange new environment of total war; how, for instance, the seeds of the National Health Service were sown by Hitler's bombers and (to use a phrase from R. H. Tawney's notable article on the book in these columns) "new conceptions of the social contract gradually emerged from a mass of obsolescent cant." Mr. Titmuss, while scrupulously marshalling the facts for the official record, made no pretence of the neutrality which is so fashionable in certain academic circles. He is always ready to castigate inhumanity, stupidity and sloth wherever he finds them; and his inaugural address suggests that we shall very soon be hearing from the London School some exhilarating and well-documented exposures of rigidities, anachronisms and vested interests in the post-war Welfare State. In his lecture Mr. Titmuss records one amusing anecdote in the history of the department which he now heads.

> Early in 1913 a new staff appointment was made . . . there were only two applicants for the post, and, according to the minutes, the selection committee, "after very careful consideration," appointed Mr. C. R. Attlee. Unfortunately, the minutes are silent about the committee's opinion about the rejected candidate; he was Mr. Hugh Dalton.

* * *

Oratory in Hyde Park last Sunday afternoon had changed very little since the last time I was there immediately before the Election. There was a crowd round the Catholic Evidence and another round the thoughtful pacifists from Kingsway Hall. There was the gentleman with the long black beard explaining to no one at all the prophecies of Isaiah, and other Biblical scholars concentrating on Daniel or Ezekiel. It was clear that we had to hurry up and be saved because the world was just coming to an end. An uproarious mob was heckling the gentleman who looked for guidance to the Pyramids. There was a crowd singing hymns, reading words from posters, and a smaller crowd under Salvation Army leadership lustily rejoicing in the Blood of the Lamb. The spokesmen of the Coloured Workers, the Conservatives, the Communists and the Socialist Party of Great Britain all addressed capacity crowds (not the capacity of Hyde Park but of their lungs). Two speakers were new to me. The first had no platform; he was explaining that the Conservatives promised to abolish all bulk purchase schemes except those with the Commonwealth, but that he had found on inquiry that only six out of 158 schemes were in force outside the Commonwealth; that, of these, three were with Iron Curtain countries which in any case did not trade with private concerns, and that the others were with Peron, who would have prefered, the speaker reported, to deal with private business because he could get a better bargain at the expense of Britain. The other newcomer (or new at least to me) was explaining very earnestly just why the Pope was wrong in his remarks about mothers and babies. The mother, he said, should always be preferred because it did the baby no harm not to be born: it existed before it was born (how do these fellows get to know these things?). Men and women have the illusion that they "make" babies, whereas actually they only offer the baby houseroom, as it were. "Caretakers," I think, was his word. So if the baby's birth is postponed, it can always wait for another opportunity. CRITIC

WOMEN'S RITES

The conjugal bond man and woman unites
For the purpose of pure procreation,
And the wedded condition the female invites
To unswerving observance of motherhood's rites
And the process of multiplication.

When the cult of accursed contraception is rife,
A symptom of sterile modernity,
The duty devolves on the Catholic wife
To pass her entire matrimonial life
In a state of impending maternity.

This rule for the salvage of marriage designed,
With the force of a Papal injunction
To equal obedience both partners will bind,
But ensures that the woman henceforth is confined
To her clear biological function.

Deprived by the higher morality's laws
Of all contraceptive instruction,
Like Hindus and Moslems and Parsees and squaws,
These wives of the West must be used in the cause
Of ritual mass-reproduction.

If the life of the mother in travail of birth
Becomes to new life prejudicial,
The unborn is judged of superior worth,
And the mother performs her last gesture on earth
As part of the rite sacrificial.

Through the curse of their mother
must daughters of Eve
Bear the load of connubial affection.
When woman's chief right is the right to conceive,
The feminine sex can expect no reprieve
From a state of perpetual subjection.

On peril of sinning and falling from grace
The rate of increase she may hinder,
For woman exists to replenish the race,
And woman the wayward is kept in her place
By *Kirche und Küche und Kinder*.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD

A long cane is to hang beside the fireplace in a Grimsby, Lincs, children's home. . . . Councillor Matt Larmour, a member of the committee, said yesterday: "We are trying to create a family atmosphere in this home."—*Daily Mirror*. (Roger Musgrave.)

My husband, when in London recently, gave a small child a penny. The child ran off to show the coin to his mother and within a minute was back again saying, "My mummy says you must be an American—are you?"—Letter in *Daily Mail*. (H. B. Evans.)

Mr. C. J. Clarke spoke of "thousands of rats" at Blythburgh, which, he said, could be seen sitting on the kerbs and laughing at people. They . . . now had taken a dislike to the village constable and were eating their way into his back door.—*Ipswich Evening Star*. (Philip G. Wood.)

Will you make gifts of *Intelligence Digest* not only to your personal friends, but to working class men or women of your acquaintance?—From *Intelligence Digest* advertising circular. (S. Smythe.)

Bates, at full back for Blackpool, soon became unpopular with the large crowd and mid-way through the second half he grabbed Lyth when beaten and a spectator neatly clad in a brown suit entered the water and hit Bates in the left eye. Lyth went between them and the spectator was prevailed upon to leave the bath.—*Lancaster Guardian and Observer*. (A. C. Collinson.)

Poison Gas in Paris

THE French have done a marvellous job on the U.N. building: at night, the "biggest Y.M.C.A. hut in the world," grafted on to the Palais Chaillot, and with its hundreds of lighted windows, might be mistaken from a distance for the Palace of Versailles; and, during the day, the sixty flags of the United Nations fluttering in the wind against the background of the Eiffel Tower and the Champ de Mars give a happy feeling of festive gaiety and international harmony. Sixty nations in Paris—and all talking Peace—what could be happier and more civilised?

But look inside: look at those long, gloomy faces, look at them all whispering in corners of the bar, and shrugging their shoulders. I remember the League of Nations before the war. Battles were fought there—for Collective Security, for Ethiopia and Spain. Usually they were losing battles; but still they were battles, in which people believed in something, and hoped for something, and had some enthusiasm. In the Palais Chaillot the lack of faith and enthusiasm is terrifying; and the atmosphere is often downright poisonous. The first day, at the bookstall in the main lobby, delegates were snatching up copies of *Collier's* with its story of the jolly war in '52, in which *only* thirty-two million Russian men, women and children are to be killed by atom bombs. Then, on Friday, there were stacks at the bookstall of all the British weeklies, but not a single copy of THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, with Kingsley Martin's article on *Collier's*. Did the bookstall recall that six paintings constituting "Communist peace propaganda" were removed last week by the police on the day of the *vernissage* from the Salon d'Automne—in case they offended some United States visitors? (Matisse and others have protested in vain.)

Even the superficial *bonhomie* of international gatherings has gone. When a famous British cartoonist drew a (not very malicious) caricature of Mr. Acheson, and asked him, as is customary, to sign it, Mr. Acheson snarled at him, and refused to give his autograph. On November 7 the Soviet Embassy organised a particularly grand party to celebrate both the anniversary of the October Revolution and the opening of the U.N. Assembly. Neither Mr. Acheson nor Mr. Eden turned up.

The illusion that the U.N. is serving any useful purpose is being maintained with the greatest difficulty. "You'll see—the Russians are going to quit," people whisper all over the place. "Yes—I heard Trygve Lie say so. He's *very* pessimistic." And so it goes on, day after day. There was the Truman broadcast, and then the Acheson speech, couched in harsh, brutal terms. ("One would think," one delegate whispered, "he was still trying to prove to McCarthy that he ain't no Communist.") His Inventory and Disarmament Plan seemed—at least at first sight—almost as vague as his speech was precise in its hatred. And then came Vyshinsky the next day—flushed, angry, ill at ease, and not looking either at the top of his form or in the best of health. When he said he could not sleep for laughing over the Western proposals he did not sound funny; he sounded quite as uncompromising as Acheson. Incompatibility of membership of the Atlantic Pact and of U.N.; withdrawal to the 38th Parallel within ten days; a Disarmament Conference by June 1, 1952—these were stiff terms. And yet, as many delegates

remarked in private conversation, the two proposals, harsh though they sound, could be put together and a compromise extracted, *if only the will were there*. "But, alas! the will just isn't there." Others will say that it's all hopeless, because the Russians will never accept any kind of control; but old hands at U.N. claim, on the contrary, that a year ago Vyshinsky made some very far-reaching proposals on control—"from A to Z," as he put it—and that it was a "deliberately fostered legend" that Russia was dead against control: one only had to look up the U.N. files to see that that was not so.

A serious factor is that talk of compromise between the U.S. and Russia is savagely frowned upon. When, on Saturday, a message appeared under large headlines in *France Soir* from its London correspondent, M. de Segonzac, suggesting that Mr. Eden would try to "bridge the gulf between East and West," all hell broke loose. Angry protests from the Americans to the Quai d'Orsay told the French where they got off as "bridge builders" between Acheson and Vyshinsky; and they weren't to put any such idiotic ideas into Mr. Eden's head, please.

The meetings of the Steering Committee, which fixes the agenda, have at times been illuminating, but, nevertheless, monotonous with a kind of mathematical precision. Wearily, on every point, Mr. Malik brings out his arguments—on the Yugoslav complaint, on the status of China, and the rest—knowing full well that every time he and his faithful Polish comrade will be hopelessly outnumbered. No matter whether Chiang Kai-shek's representative says things that would be an insult to the intelligence of a child of two, there will be no discussion on the representation of China. Even Britain and France, instead of abstaining, voted against China being discussed—Sir Gladwyn Jebb saying there was no point in discussing it in "the next two or three months, anyway," and the Frenchman saying nothing at all. On another point—whether the Vyshinsky proposals were to be put on the agenda—the delegate of the Dominican Republic thought this was undesirable. Then Mr. Warren Austin, with a voice sounding more like that of Jehovah, said the United States wished to include them in the agenda. The Chairman then turned to the Dominican delegate and asked if he wouldn't change his mind, to which the Dominican promptly replied that he already *had* changed his mind.

In the lobbies I asked a Russian delegate why Malik was bothering to make any speeches at all, when the result was always a foregone conclusion. He shrugged his shoulders. "Ah well," he said, "they may make good reading in fifteen years' time. And," he added, "of course people in China will like to read them even now." In short, the whole atmosphere at U.N. suggests that there is little hope on either side of making anything of this public meeting, except some propaganda and counter-propaganda, and that what really matters is being decided elsewhere. An article widely quoted in the lobbies on Monday was that of Mr. Sebastian Haffner in the *Observer*, saying that "only an unchallengeable over-balance of strength on the Western side" can "save peace."

> "To achieve this," Haffner wrote, "demands the permanent mobilisation of Western power and the equally *permanent integration of all the developed countries of the world—except Russia itself—into one political, military and economic system, which must in time acquire the attributes of a Super-State* . . . powerful enough to enjoy security despite Russian hostility, to deter Russian aggression, to *enforce a territorial settlement in Europe and Asia* and to *tolerate* Russian independence. These are the minimum requirements of peace. (Italics mine.)

This, like earlier articles by the same writer, is considered to reveal the real thoughts of the State Department, and to constitute its ideal hand-out. And most remarkable of all, it says almost word for word what Beria said in Moscow on November 6 about U.S. plans! Judging from comments in the U.N. lobbies, the future members of Mr. Haffner's Super-State are not, at heart, much enjoying the prospect of becoming this Super-State's second, third or fourth-class citizens; and they make no secret of it—even though voting, for the present, in the manner required of them. But it isn't all plain sailing. The Arab countries are being obstreperous; and in the discussion on Morocco, happily buried in the end thanks to the helping hand of Canada, they showed about as little liking for the Moroccans being kept in order by the French as by the U.S., and kept pestering the French "at least to disprove the charges." The prevalent feeling was that, even if the vote on Morocco was expedient, it wasn't very creditable to U.N. Moreover, there are some cynics who ask under what rule of U.N. procedure the U.S. will "enforce territorial settlements in Europe and Asia," and who also wonder why such unfair discrimination should be made in favour of an "independent Russia." What favouritism!

But, joking apart, is it then all hopeless, and are we rushing headlong into that "enforced territorial revision" which can only mean war? Or is there something that can still be done at U.N. by potential "bridge-builders" like Britain; or, if not, cannot something at least be done outside U.N.? Certainly Mr. Eden's speech on Monday swept like a fresh wind through the putrid atmosphere of hatred. The immediate psychological effect was excellent, even though Mr. Lester Pearson (Canada), who followed Mr. Eden, failed to take his good advice to refrain from that mud-slinging which Mr. Acheson had begun. But Mr. Eden's passionate pleading for peace, his statement that "his faith in the Charter of U.N. was not daunted either by the disappointments of the past or the critical challenge of the present," his eloquent passage on Britain's determination to save peace, his plea to Russia not to throw up U.N. in despair and his reference to U.N.'s "universality" which seemed to imply (or didn't it?) that China should be accepted into U.N. as soon as possible—all of this suggested that Britain was at least trying to approach the threat of war in her own, more constructive, way. On the substance of the Western disarmament proposals Mr. Eden contributed nothing new, except that, here too, he was not "demanding" anything, but was treating it simply as something "that laid the foundations for a practical plan." What was also well received was his argument that U.N. should try to achieve small things first—notably peace in Korea—as small agreements would create a better climate for more general agreements, and also for a Big Four meeting, on the lines suggested by President Auriol—a proposal, by the way, that was very badly received by the Americans at the time.

This reference to the Auriol proposal was significant—for Mr. Eden obviously believes that if only some small agreements can be reached by U.N., the atmosphere will be much more favourable to Churchill-Truman, Churchill-Stalin, or Big Four talks. The Russians have not said "No" to such talks; it was particularly noticed that Vyshinsky made no reference to the Auriol proposal, one way or the other. The impression one has is that if Mr. Eden's proposals lead to anything, especially in Korea, the Russians probably would welcome a Churchill-Stalin meeting, if only because it could hardly make things worse than they are already, and might conceivably make them better, however slender the chances.

ALEXANDER WERTH

Paris, November 13.

Education in Danger

IN the new Cabinet, education has no representative of its own. The new Minister, Miss Horsbrugh, will have to argue as best she can with the Treasury at a time when the Chancellor of the Exchequer will be hunting hard for things he can dispense with in order to find the money and the resources for rearmament and for some at any rate of the 300,000 houses a year which his party has so rashly promised. It so happens that this Chancellor is the very Mr. Butler who, as Minister of Education, piloted the 1944 Education Act through Parliament under the wartime Coalition. What will he do now? Will he recognise that the educational reforms he then helped to place on the Statute book are still at an early stage of translation into practical terms of schools, teachers and equipment, and that to upset now the programmes on which the L.E.As are working will plunge public education into an appalling confusion? Or will he decide that cutting education will lose his party fewer votes than cutting other things, and, willingly or reluctantly, allow his own reforms to become the victims of his axe? For the answer, at least in full, we must probably await Mr. Butler's first Budget.

At this critical point in the history of English education, it is worth while to look back on past achievements and setbacks; and the current report of the Ministry of Education offers a convenient opening. This year the Ministry, instead of presenting its annual report in the usual form, produced a general review of the development of English education during the past fifty years. Or rather, it produced a review of those parts of education which come within its sphere, leaving out both the Universities as such and the "public" and private schools which still fall outside the State educational system. This retrospect shows a prodigious development and a remarkable revolution in ideas. Until the Act of 1902 came into force, the State took no part in the provision of secondary schools: the State system was restricted to elementary education, except for the grants made to science and art classes by the Science and Art Department and for the meagre support given to technical education. The celebrated "Cockerton Judgment," deliberately engineered by Sir Robert Morant in order to force the issue, had laid down that School Boards had no power to provide higher education—which a number of them were actually doing. There was still legally a clear distinction between the elementary education which the State provided—free of charge since the 1890s—to the children of the lower classes, and the superior schooling which parents of the "better" classes, with the aid of private endowments, were expected to provide for their families. There was no acceptance at all of the idea of every child having any sort of right to as good an education as he or she was capable of profiting by: such education as the State did help to provide was given much more in the interests of society—as conceived of by the "better" classes—than of the children.

It accorded with this state of affairs that the elementary school teachers were a dispirited and ill-educated body of underpaid purveyors of as much of the three Rs as they could get into the heads of children who mostly left school at 12 or sooner—even in many cases at 10. There were in 1900 no publicly provided training colleges; the colleges were in the hands of the two societies—the National Society and the

British and Foreign Schools Society—with some universities and university colleges conducting day training departments. The pupil teacher system, much as it had been criticised, remained in force, with entirely inadequate arrangements for training the pupils. Conditions in the training colleges were for the most part astonishingly illiberal, both in the education provided—which usually assumed that a teacher should learn to be equally incompetent in all subjects—and in the treatment of the students as potential delinquents needing the severest discipline. Nobody who could help it sent his children to a "board school"; the name involved a social stigma, except where School Boards had deliberately exceeded their legal powers by setting up "central" or "higher-grade" schools. Good work was done, even under these conditions, but it was exceptional; and conditions were made worse because there was practically no provision for meeting the special needs of physically or mentally handicapped children, who had to be huddled in with the rest. Classes were very large, and premises bad. There was a great dearth of playgrounds; and physical education, except military drill and occasionally some "exercises," was unknown. There were, of course, no school meals, or milk; nor was there any provision for medical or dental treatment, or even inspection.

It is salutary to be reminded of these facts; and the Ministry's report is quite candid about them. The change began with the Act of 1902, which set up Local Education Authorities in place of the School Boards and gave the authorities of counties and county boroughs power to enter the field of higher education. Even after 1902, however, development was gradual and tentative; the great growth of public activity in secondary and "further" education did not come until after the first world war, when the entire system had been reorganised—or rather scheduled for reorganisation—under the Fisher Act of 1918. Even after that year the public educational system was destined to suffer, before 1950, three major setbacks. It was smitten hard in 1921 by the "Geddes Axe," which knocked down, among other things, the Fisher system for compulsory continuation schools. It had barely recovered before it was hit on the head again in 1931 by the May Economy Committee—which wrought havoc upon teachers' salaries and upon maintenance allowances, as well as upon school buildings and the hope of smaller classes. It was devastated yet again by evacuation and bombing during the second world war, from which elementary education has not fully recovered even to-day. And it may be on the eve of a fourth attack to-day, in view of the claims of re-armament, though it has advanced only a small distance towards what is needed to give full effect to the Butler Act of 1944.

Yet, despite all setbacks, the progress made during the 50 years since 1900 is startling, most of all in the realm of ideas, with practice, though lagging behind precept, an immense way on in the march towards the recognition of education as a human right, irrespective of social class. There has been, too, as part of this movement away from class inequality, a tremendous liberation in the actual teaching. Though undue specialisation does much harm at the higher levels of school education, and has perhaps been intensified under scientific pressure, the liberalisation of curricula at the lower levels, especially in the junior schools and in the new secondary modern schools, has been very great. Music and the arts generally get much more of a show; the teachers are a great deal better equipped, as well as immensely better paid—though even now not well enough paid to attract the needed supply of really able men and women, especially in the scientific fields. It is easy enough to find things to criticise strongly in the public educational system as it now is; and such criticism is needed as a spur to further progress. But if we look back it is impossible to question the vastness of the improvements that have been made.

Since 1900 the number of teachers in grant-aided schools has nearly doubled, and the number of pupils per teacher has fallen from 48 to 27. Over the same period public expenditure on schools and further education has risen from £16 million to £237 million in England and Wales; and there has also been a financial revolution in the Universities, which now depend mainly on public funds. Pupils in grant-aided secondary schools have increased from 160,000 in 1900 to 684,000 in 1950, exclusive of those in the secondary modern schools set up under the Act of 1944. There has been, entirely since 1900, a remarkable spread of grant-aided adult education, pioneered by the Workers' Educational Association and the University Extra-mural Departments, but now extending to the Local Education Authorities as a statutory duty. There is at least a ladder, though not yet a broad highway, to the top of the educational structure for the clever children of poor parents; and University education in particular has had its class-monopoly considerably invaded through State scholarships and Further Education and Training grants, and also through local authority provision.

And yet, there is still an immense way to go, and it will be a terrible calamity if the improvements now in process are cut off. The arrangements for handicapped children are still grossly inadequate. School accommodation calls for a much enlarged building programme, not for a curtailment. Parity of esteem as between Grammar, Technical and Modern Schools, or the merging of them into Comprehensive Schools, seems a very long way off. There is a shortage of teachers, which threatens to get worse; and the attempt to establish parity of conditions in the teaching profession, in the absence of adequate allowances for special competence, threatens to drive away some of the best ability. There are acute shortages of science teachers and of school dentists, because of the appeal of better-paid posts outside the educational service. The "better" classes still keep their "public" schools outside the public system, and the private school with a snob value still flourishes despite its frequent incompetence. It is still a great educational advantage not to be born in a slum, and a greater to be born into a middle-class environment.

Nor is any of this surprising; for educational equality cannot at best run far ahead of the growth of social equality in other fields. The levelling-down of incomes by taxation tends indeed to have less effect, in the short run, in education than elsewhere; for parents with claims to social superiority struggle hard against having their children levelled. One result of this is that some of the grant-aided Grammar Schools, in order to catch the "right" pupils, emulate the worst features of the "public" schools. Boards of Governors on the whole still predominantly represent the old class points of view, and it is not easy to find the men and women with democratic ideas who can afford the time to serve on the many thousands of Boards, Councils and Committees that the administrative structure requires. Nevertheless, democracy has made great headway and is well on the way to make more unless it is allowed to fall a victim to economic crisis and to Tory rule. It will be a curious irony if Mr. Butler, who as Minister of Education launched the reforms which are now being gradually carried into practical effect, now turns, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, to stultifying the provisions of his own Act.

G. D. H. Cole

Smoke and Sanity

> Coketown lay shrouded in a haze of its own, which appeared impervious to the sun's rays. You only knew the town was there, because you knew there could have been no such sulky blotch upon the prospect without a town. A blur of soot and smoke, now confusedly tending this way, now that way, now aspiring to the vault of Heaven, now murkily creeping along the earth, as the wind rose and fell, or changed its quarter: a dense formless jumble, with sheets of cross light in it, that showed nothing but masses of darkness:—Coketown in the distance was suggestive of itself, though not a brick of it could be seen.

Dickens, as usual, hit it off.

That might be, even now, any Yorkshire or Lancashire factory town. A month ago, I drove across Saddlethwaite Moor. Where the road levelled out, it was a glorious October day; grimy walls and houses, sooty dogs and sheep reminded me of the nearness of the chimneys; but "there were trees to see, and there were larks singing, and there were pleasant scents in the air, and all was over-arched by a bright blue sky"—which made me as glad to have climbed out of Oldham as Sissy Jupe and Rachael were to have left Coketown behind them. Then, leaving on my left two blurs called Marsden and Slaithwaite, I descended into Huddersfield, where the memory of the blue sky six miles away was like a dream, and where I switched on the lights of the car to help myself through the fog.

But all reporters make howlers, even reporters of genius, and Dickens slipped badly in giving his industrial hell the name of Coketown. Coke is an almost smokeless fuel; if there had been a National Smoke Abatement Society to press on the magnates of Coketown the use of coke or anthracite, and if (which is most unlikely) Mr. Gradgrind and Mr. Bounderby had taken its advice, Coketown would have been a cleaner and healthier place. Even Mrs. Sparsit, huddled over her hearth in the room above the bank, could have done her bit.

The Society has for many years been denouncing the evil of smoke and explaining how relatively easy, and how truly economical, it would be to make our towns clean by using smokeless fuels, smoke-eliminating devices, and heating by gas, oil or electricity. In its pamphlets, gruesome views of modern Coketowns contrast with panoramas of places like Bergen—warm, productive, yet clean as a new pin. Once, only isolated householders and industrialists lent an ear. But since the war—and, let cynics add, since the coal shortage—Britain has begun to revolt against its ancient filth, and the Society, now a broadly based body to which many local authorities are affiliated, sees its first goal in sight with the institution of smokeless zones.

The case against smoke—as a real danger, not just an annoyance—is formidable. It is smoke that turns a heavy mist into an urban fog, and fog aggravates, if it does not cause, respiratory diseases, tuberculosis, diseases of the eye and, some investigators think, cancer of the lung. Those already suffering incur further inflammation, and risk heart failure from difficulty in breathing. In Manchester, for instance, deaths from respiratory diseases in the "clear" month of December, 1930, numbered 137; in January, 1931, which had nine foggy days, they rose to 592. In a less dramatic way, health, especially of

In Winter

Ryvita for

Ryvita is the perfect crispbread for health and energy in winter. It is made from pure wholemeal *rye*: with rye's excellent protein-carbohydrate balance and mineral and vitamin content. Give summer zest to winter living—eat Ryvita! Always have Ryvita on your table—keep fit and healthy with Ryvita for GO! **And still at pre-war value—21 big pieces 1/-**

Summer Go

The three S's....

. . . in the textile trade are Size, Style and Shade. You cannot get away from them. So long as individuals are different, so must their requirements vary, and retail shops must rely on the Wholesale Textile Distributors to bring them economically the variety they require from many factories.

DISTRIBUTION WTA WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION FOR THE NATION

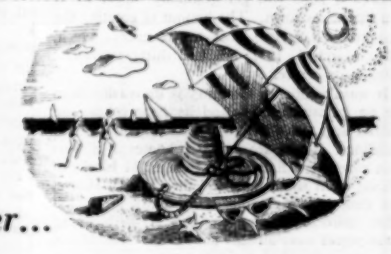
is carried out by the members of The Wholesale Textile Association

THE WHOLESALE TEXTILE ASSOCIATION
75 CANNON STREET, LONDON, E.C.4

Clans have their tartans, families their crests, guilds their badges; emblems of pride by which they stand and would be known. Here is another such symbol, a White Horse! An emblem by which you may know as grand a Scotch as ever came from Scotland.

WHITE HORSE
Scotch Whisky

MAXIMUM PRICES:—Bottles 35/-, ½-Bottles 18/3, ¼-Bottles 9/6, Miniature Bottles 3/8 as fixed by the Scotch Whisky Association



Where Summer spends the Winter...

The sunniest parts of all six continents are within easy reach—in a matter of hours—by swift, sure Speedbird services. You fly without delay, smoothly above the weather in pressurized comfort. Complimentary meals and mealtime drinks served en route. No tips or extras for attentive Speedbird service.

BERMUDA · BAHAMAS · CARIBBEAN · SPAIN · PORTUGAL
SOUTH AMERICA · SOUTH AFRICA · EAST AFRICA

Consult your Travel Agent or B.O.A.C., Airways Terminal, Victoria, S.W.1 (VICtoria 2323) or 75 Regent Street, W.1 (MAYfair 6611).

B.O.A.C. TAKES GOOD CARE OF YOU

FLY BRITISH BY **B·O·A·C**

BRITISH OVERSEAS AIRWAYS CORPORATION IN ASSOCIATION WITH QANTAS EMPIRE AIRWAYS LIMITED, SOUTH AFRICAN AIRWAYS AND TASMAN EMPIRE AIRWAYS LIMITED

children and expectant mothers, is undermined by want of light, both psychologically and through lack of Vitamin D. Glasgow in 1939 got 36 light units, taking the standard, measured seven miles away at Meanskirk, as 100.

Plants, too, are affected by lack of light, and by acids deposited both on the plant itself and in the soil. The effects are plainly seen in city parks, but allotments, market gardens, and even farms fifty miles from industrial towns suffer. Then smoke costs us millions every year by eating into stonework, iron bridges, and railway tracks. The Houses of Parliament alone have presented a bill for a million pounds in repair to stonework. If you want to measure the cost in æsthetic terms, stop in Trafalgar Square and examine the pitted holes in the fine carvings on the pedestal of Charles I's statue—here is damage that can never be made good. The airlines have their tale to tell, and so have the astronomers. But, to show that smoke is everybody's business, let me quote a report by the Manchester City Council. It showed that housewives in Harrogate did the weekly wash an hour quicker than their counterparts in Manchester, and saved 7½d a week in soap and fuel. The most sobering fact is this: to produce soot and acids, our miners work three days every year, and in those days three or four of them are killed and hundreds injured.

Now, we cannot make our towns smokeless overnight. It isn't only, as in America, factories and railways that are the culprits; a vast deal of smoke goes up from our homes and offices. But we can move by stages, using the force of example. Set aside a score of streets where the emission of smoke is an offence and you have solved nothing, for smoke blows in from all around. But you have made a start, and your smokeless zone will get gradually bigger till it is a smokeless town. The honour of creating the first smokeless zone goes to Coventry, which, since March 1, 1951, has had thirty smokeless acres at its centre.

It wasn't difficult; Coventry is unusually clean for an industrial town, and its zone covers the blitzed area, with a low density and many new buildings. There are only two homes in it, plus nine caretakers' flats; also 97 shops, 31 blocks of offices, eight small factories, the Council House, two churches, a cinema, seven pubs, and some other miscellaneous premises. Two-thirds of these places were already smokeless. The others were given the choice of using coke or anthracite stoves, central heating, oil fuel, gas or electricity. All adjusted themselves without much trouble or expense, and few asked for the financial aid (up to half the cost of a new installation) which the Council may provide. The zone had only one industrial steam-raising plant; it switched to anthracite from a combination of coke and coal. Most of the smoke had been created by the initial lighting of various central heating plants, a fairly easy matter to correct. When I visited Coventry I was taken to the cellars of the Council House and saw the coke boilers being started up by a gas poker of monstrous size; in the old days quantities of paper and shavings were shovelled in regardless of resultant smoke.

Of course, there have been problems. Many shops and offices, glad enough to get rid of open grates, plumped for gas heating, and the gas supply proved insufficient, so they had to be satisfied with gas-ignited coke stoves. And a matter for national concern is the increased use of electricity, with consequent waste of coal, so long as a smokeless zone means a free choice of any type of heating that isn't smoky.

But one expected problem has been conspicuously absent—grumbling or non-compliance by those concerned. Coventry's officials used the press and other media for a campaign of explanation, but they were ready to be told that an Englishman had a right to do as he liked in his own home or on his own property. In the event, almost everyone agreed that "it's only common sense," and accepted the rules in the spirit of, say, the Highway Code. The only notorious grumbler is the landlord of one pub, who says business will fall off if the customers can't enjoy the traditional open fire. True, the winter hasn't set in yet; and true, there may be more resistance in other towns which have not Coventry's pride in leading the country. But the omens are good.

In the Council House, I saw a bulky file of letters from other authorities, from industrialists, and from householders, asking for information about the smokeless zone, or simply wishing Coventry good luck. Other cities have marked out their zones and hope to put them into effect in a year or two; the most important is Manchester. Meanwhile, Coventry leads; and the air is clean above the beautiful ruins of the Cathedral.

Coventry. MERVYN JONES

The Drouthy Scot

THE English, it has been said, go to church to worship, the Scots to study the Scriptures. This clue to national temperament might easily apply to the drinking habits of the two peoples. To the Englishman the pub is a place to which he can take his wife, meet his friends, gossip, play darts, and drink quantities of watery beer. His local has a friendly atmosphere conducive to tolerance—of fat, as well as of mind. But the Scot is a different kind of drinking animal. He approaches his public house in almost the same way as he does his church. He is solemn, stern and logical. In short, he goes to his pub (it is never called a local), to drink and sometimes to argue. He would never think of taking his wife with him, and she would never dream of asking. When a woman in Scotland goes to a public-house (and she risks her "reputation" in doing so) she sits in an odd box-like compartment usually labelled in gilt letters "Ladies' Saloon." This is somewhat of a misnomer, for the lady may be joined by a gentleman. Usually they converse in low tones, and they are careful not to laugh too loudly, when they laugh at all. Women are not really welcomed in Scots public houses, some of which put up notices, "Ladies Not Admitted." The presence of women upsets the men drinkers, and puts a restraint on even the most innocuous of conversations.

The truth is that the Scot often lacks social grace (the Highlander should be excluded from this generalisation), and his attitude towards women is inclined to be excessively gallant, downright rude, or extremely shy. The shy Scot is most common. This type of man suffers agonies when he has to speak to a strange woman in a public house. He wonders what the devil the woman is doing there; he is not surprised, and perhaps relieved, to find that she is an Englishwoman. He is certain to have doubts about her "respectability." If a Scot is taking his wife out for the evening, he may first of all go for a drink by himself, or worse, leave his wife standing outside the public house while he nips in for a quick one. As for such social games as darts, they are seldom seen in Scottish pubs. Because, one supposes, of the presence of English soldiers during the war, darts boards are to be found occasionally in country inns, and in an odd city drinking place; the same applies to dominoes, but the presence of these games is the exception rather than the rule. The result is that where the spirit in an English pub is free and expansive, in the Scots public house it is invariably heavy and inhibited.

The Scots have a tradition of heavy drinking. Some ascribe this to Calvinism, whisky being the only available outlet of energy for an inhibited and highly emotional people as the Scots undoubtedly are. But whatever his faults and virtues, it seems unfair to ascribe this tradition to the influence of John Knox. The bitter truth is that an organisation like Alcoholics Anonymous would have had its hands full if it had confined its activities to Scotland three centuries ago. According to Gregory's history of the Western Isles, the islanders were so insatiable in their desires "that when there arrives *ony* of their vessels there with wines, they spend both days and nights in their excess of drinking, *sae* lang as there is any of the wine left; *sae* that being overcome with drink, there falls out *mony inconvenients* among them to break *his majesty's* peace."

Then Scots hospitality (a tradition still observed to-day in the letter if not so often in the spirit) has always been on the grand scale. One 17th-Century chronicler writes that "the Scotch way to show a guest he was welcome was to fill him drunk." This was done by presenting him with a great quaich of syrup of beer, then a glass of white wine, then a rummet of claret and a glass of sack to end the first round. But it was left to the great Doctor himself to have as usual the last word on the subject. "I assure you," said Boswell, "there is a great deal of drunkenness in Scotland." "No sir," said Johnson, "there were people who died of dropsies which they contracted trying to get drunk."

It was left to the Victorian age, however, to take the social gloss off drinking in Scotland, and to leave the drinker alone in a dark and dingy public house which has not much changed to this day in furnishings or in lighting. Industrially expanding Britain needed workers, both skilled and unskilled. In their cities and towns the Scots were joined by the Irish driven out by the Potato Famine. Together they built up the great industrial belt of Clydeside with its coal mines, steel mills and shipyards. They worked long hours for low wages, and they lived together in huge tenements crowded with children, and worn-out, shawled women. The public houses were open from eight in the morning until eleven at night, and whisky was only 2½d. a glass. Glasgow in those days was a fabulous place, especially on a Saturday night, when "faither" spent his week's wages on whisky. Gallowgate, a working-class district, was then a battlefield with a fight at every street corner. It was ferocious drinking. Every policeman on the beat pushed a barrow and carried a length of rope. The helpless were simply tossed on the conveyance, but the fighting drunk had to be lashed down. That is why Glasgow policemen were noted for their height and their brawn.

This state of affairs prevailed in varying degrees right up to the 1930s, when Saturday night in the working-class districts of any Scots city was apt to be rich in fights, bloody slaughter and the screams of terrified children running in the darkness from thudding fists, broken bottles and hatchets. It is an old and terrible story, and Will Fyffe only told half of it as he sang: "When I get a couple o' drinks on a Saturday, Glasgow belongs to me."

These excesses inevitably produced a reaction in teetotalism and in absurd licensing laws: public houses were confined to an eight-hour day, with

All Your Life

From the boy at school, writing home for money, to the old man making his will and intent on giving, there is a long sequence of varying need which is met and satisfied, directly or indirectly, through the services of a Bank.

DISTRICT BANK

LIMITED

A GRAND 'LONG' WITH ICED WATER
THE BASIS OF A PERFECT 'SHORT'
That's the long and short of it!
PERNOD
The Apéritif of France
Pernod fils
Available in Bottles and Halves from leading Wine Merchants
Sole importers: J. R. PARKINGTON & Co. Ltd., New Bond St., W.1

You hear often of RSPCA successes in the fight against cruelty, but it is with the cruelty that is *not* prevented or punished, the suffering that is *not* relieved, that *your* help is most needed. There would be less cruelty if there were more RSPCA Inspectors, less unnecessary suffering if there were more RSPCA clinics. Please help to extend these services of mercy. Help *now* with a donation or by keeping a collecting box, or remember the RSPCA with a legacy. The address of the Chief Secretary is: RSPCA (Dept. NS) 105, Jermyn Street, London, S.W.1.

RSPCA CLINICS HELP ONE SUFFERING ANIMAL EVERY MINUTE

Remember the

RSPCA

Not the cheapest . . . but the best

invest safely in

BRICKS and MORTAR

and get **2½%** Society pays the tax

No expenses on investments or withdrawal.

Write for full particulars

GRAYS BUILDING SOCIETY

(ESTD. 1880)

22 NEW ROAD, GRAYS, ESSEX

Branch Offices: 31 LINTON ROAD, BARKING, ESSEX & 4 WHEELER GATE, NOTTINGHAM (Mr. C. O. DAY)

Assets: £2,000,000 *Reserves:* £96,000

It can't happen here!

There's never an embarrassing moment with this briefcase. It's built for business trips . . . to hold papers *and* pyjamas—but *separately!* There are pockets for foolscap folders . . . and a *zip-sealed* compartment for personal things. An added traveller's joy is the outside zip pocket—broad enough for the *Dreamaron*, deep enough for *Punch*, unfolded. This handsome case—in selected hog-grained leather, finished in a fine golden tan, and leather-lined—can be slimmed in a moment by two press studs. Lever lock and fittings of solid brass. Size 17" x 11½". Price £7.10s. post free ($23.75 in U.S.A., including carriage and insurance). Also available in smooth polished hide at £9.9.0. ($27.50.) 20% customs duty payable in U.S.A. Money back guarantee of satisfaction.

Immediate dispatch. Obtainable only direct from the maker.

UNICORN LEATHER CO. LTD.,

(Dept. NN2), WOODHILL WORKS, BURY, LANCS.

the local authorities left to determine the actual hours of opening and closing. In an attempt to prevent "faither" from blowing his wages on Saturday afternoon, as he left the black squad in the shipyard, Glasgow magistrates closed the city pubs at noon. The factory whistle went at twelve o'clock and the pub doors shut at the same time! Imagine the avalanche that roared down the street to the first available public house, especially if an accommodating time-keeper gave the drouthy workers half-a-minute's start. To make matters more complicated, local authorities sometimes refused to co-operate with one another; one licensing committee would open its public houses half an hour longer in the morning and half an hour shorter in the evening. This led to borderline pubs doing a roaring trade: when closing time came the customers transferred themselves in a body to the public house on the other, still "open," side of the street.

These ludicrous conditions have since become modified except for the extraordinary regulations still governing Scottish Sunday drinking. In the first place, no public house may be open on Sunday in Scotland. But a strange breed described as bona fide travellers may drink in hotels which have a seven-day licence. As unsuspecting foreigners have sometimes discovered, it is not every hotel which enjoys this dispensation, while those who do are tormented with maddening regulations. For example, a traveller is not bona fide if his purpose in travelling is to consume drink. The traveller must also sign the hotel register, showing where he has come from. If he is questioned by the police, and tells the truth, *i.e.*, that he has travelled some distance because he is thirsty, and not to see a mythical grandmother, then he has committed an offence. Worse, if the traveller has arrived in his hotel on Saturday night, then by Sunday morning he has ceased in the eyes of the law to count as a bona fide traveller; he has instead become a resident of the city or town in which he has unfortunately found himself. If his thirst must be quenched, he, like the rest of the citizenry, must travel on. Moreover, you cannot remain a bona fide traveller if your return journey is made to your home town—as most Glaswegians have long since found out.

There is no excuse now for the retention of these ludicrous laws, for Scotland has at last solved one of her staggering social problems: drunkenness is declining rapidly. A statistician in the Department of Health at St. Andrews House has been investigating the effect of drink on the Scots. He has found among other things that the number of deaths from alcohol is now a tenth of what it was at the beginning of the century. Between 1940 and 1944 mortality from alcoholism among women was 6 per cent. of the rate for 1900-04; for men it was less than 13 per cent. Up to 1947 the rate was still going down, except, interestingly enough, in the female groups 35-45, 45-50 and 55-65. This fall in the death-rate applied to the whole country, the North showing a drop of 95 and the South 92 per cent. approximately. The smallest reductions were 88 per cent. in East Central, which includes Dundee, and 83 per cent. in the Highlands and Islands.

These statistics are the scientific proof of what has long been observable. They show that, whether by inclination or by tight purse, but probably by a combination of both, the Scot is becoming a more stable person, that he is more inclined now to face up to his problems, and not drown them temporarily, as his forebears did, in a drunken stupor. It is a social revolution, and it is significant that the change should have occurred when the Scots for the first time in generations have been enjoying full, or nearly full, employment.

MORRIS LINDEN

The Arts and Entertainment

HAYDN IN THE THEATRE

WE never think of Haydn as an opera composer; yet for the splendidly equipped opera house at Esterház, seating 400 people, he wrote about a dozen Italian operas, and these were highly appreciated: "If I want to hear a good opera," said the Empress Maria Theresa, "I go to Esterház." Prince Nicholas Esterházy liked the conventional admixture of serious young lovers with the stock *buffo* characters of the *commedia dell' arte*; and *Il mondo della luna* conforms to this pattern. It is based on one of Goldoni's Venetian comedies, a text which was also set by several other composers. A rich old man, with a foolish passion for astronomy, is persuaded that he has been transported to the moon, and tricked into consenting to the marriage of his daughters to suitors of whom he had previously disapproved. A German version of Haydn's opera gained some currency in the 1930s; and it is this version, in an effective English adaptation by Douglas Craig and Ernest Urbach, which was produced last week at the Scala Theatre by the enterprising London Opera Club.

Life on the Moon is dramatically naive; but it is musically delightful, and more advanced as a piece of operatic writing than I had expected. Without access to the manuscript, one can only guess how much of the musical ingenuity belongs to Haydn and how much to his German adaptors. In a tantalisingly brief foreword, they admit to having introduced four numbers from other Haydn operas; and they have certainly made free with Goldoni's plot. For example, Bonafede's two daughters (in the original) have become mistress and maidservant. The duet which the two sing at their first appearance is as appropriate to the original relationship as it is inappropriate to the new one; it is a charming piece which would almost do for Fiordiligi and Dorabella, and to transfer it, so to speak, to Fiordiligi and Despina is unfair to Haydn's sense of theatrical fitness. But the fact that the adaptors have allowed the original music to contradict the new situation leads me to guess that they have generally treated Haydn's notes with greater respect than Goldoni's text. The score deserved respect, being not only attractive in itself, but often amusingly appropriate to the occasion. Particularly delightful is the beginning of the first finale, where the muted strings suggest the sensation of floating through space, while the bemused Bonafede allows himself to be persuaded by the quack astronomer that he is indeed airborne. At Esterház this was doubtless the occasion for some aerial stage machinery; in the less sumptuous surroundings of Charlotte Street I thought that Ian Wallace and Roderick Jones, with the sensitive assistance of the Kalmar Orchestra, managed very prettily to convey the mingled farce and poetry of the scene.

Not all the music is so original and imaginative as this; indeed, quite a lot of it is regulation eighteenth century two-four Andante and six-eight Presto. But, as in all Haydn, small surprises abound; and the workmanship is always that of a master. Like most composers between 1750 and 1850 (Beethoven excepted), Haydn wrote with constant love and understanding for the human voice. Owing, it is said, to the absence of a chorus at Esterház, he filled his operas with ensembles and concerted finales. Nevertheless, that isolation which developed his originality in symphonic writing hindered his growth as an operatic composer. "As head of an orchestra," he said, "I could experiment . . . improve, cut, take risks; I was cut off from the world; there was no one near me to torment me or make me doubt myself, and so I had to become original." But opera is not a form which flourishes in backwaters; it needs the constant infusion of new ideas, the interplay of diverse talents, the candid criticism of colleagues, the observation at close quarters of the effect produced, not on an elegant invited assembly, but on the large, unpredictable, paying public. Opera is a metropolitan art; and every great opera composer, from Handel to Strauss, has been a practical man of the theatre. Haydn was quite intelligent enough to realise, in later life, the result of his isolation at Esterház: "If only I could have gone to Italy," he used to say, "I might have become a first-rate opera composer." He learnt as much as he could by the study of Italian scores, notably those of Pergolesi; but it was Mozart's achievements which opened his eyes to the dazzling possibilities of opera. More than once he accompanied Mozart to the rehearsals of *Così fan tutte*. It is one of those historical occasions which tease the imagination: if only a Boswell had been present! Haydn, with his love of humour and his adoration for Mozart's genius, must surely have understood the blend of sensuous beauty and burlesque in that extraordinary work. Indeed, there is a hint of *Così* here and there in his own operas, and not only in *Il mondo della luna*. The poetry of the E major "Farewell" trio was not likely to be lost on the man who had written, in *L'incontro improviso*, a trio for three sopranos accompanied by muted strings, English horns and French horns: a piece which displays, according to Karl Geiringer, "exquisite effects of tone colour."

In the London Opera Club performance, no one on the stage made music of a quality to match the playing of the woodwind. But Patrick Lynott's decor was pretty enough, and a first-rate theatrical talent emerged in the person of Alexander Young, whose management of a harlequin part was beautifully stylish and alert. Mr. Young attracted attention as the High Priest in the Glyndebourne *Idomeneo*; his voice is a light tenor, neat, clear and a little dry; he is just the man for Pedrillo, or David in *Die Meistersinger*. John Pritchard's conducting was both vivid and sympathetic.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

PRESENT PAINTING

ONCE again one's chief impression of the London Group show (to be noticed in more detail next week) is of an incredible confusion; a confusion of methods, aims and standards. Yet really this is only to be expected, for it is a representative show and will therefore inevitably reflect any general trend. The fact is that the modern movement—with all its sub-divisions—has now disintegrated; partisan discipline has disappeared and most of the theories have finally lost their precision in practice. Another symptom of the same thing is the extraordinary breadth of contemporary taste—Frith at Whitechapel, Laurens' important sculpture at the Arcade Gallery, Picasso in Dover Street—all these exhibitions have interested and even been praised by the same people.

What effect does this have on the painter? It means that, instead of being driven along by the impetus of any one particular æsthetic theory, he has to rely on his more independent and more general experience. It also means that the less original painter, no longer able to subscribe to a definite movement, tends to imitate the merely personal mannerisms of those he admires—there is a lot of pastiche in the London Group. Lastly, this development affects the critic. He cannot be, as he was in the Twenties, a confident, dogmatic missionary. He must be an interpreter, aware of the validity, not only of the artists' intentions, but also of the layman's doubts.

Some of Mr. Cecil Collins's new paintings at the Leicester Galleries are concerned with his previous theme of the "wise" Fool, but the majority, although continuing in the same poetic vein, are of pastoral spirits, pilgrims, angels and oracles. Personally, I find that his mystical vision is seldom strong or authentic enough. The distinction between such a vision and a neurotic one is bound to be fine; but before these works I was unconvinced—distracted by the affectations of drawing and, in the larger pictures, by the ugly, strained use of oil paint. A mystical artist—however odd his statement—must transcend his

method of expression; his words must appear to be inevitably and effortlessly placed, his colours must appear to have floated of their own volition on to the paper. If this is not so, the spectator becomes aware of their eccentricity—just as when the peep-show is not enthralling he becomes conscious, when he bends down to look through the peep-hole, that his bottom is sticking up in the air.

Only in a few of Mr. Collins's smaller and more serene pictures is one led past this self-consciousness (on the part of the artist as well as the spectator) to the contemplation of some imaginative vision on the other side.

In the next room there are some paintings by Mrs. Mary Potter, a sensitive painter who knows her limitations. Her mists, whether of city dusk or sea spray, give her the opportunity of exploring the evocative juxtapositions of pearly greys with the dark emphases of objects half-seen through them; at the same time they help her to select. Without her mists she sees too much—or too little—and her painting becomes unremarkable and fussy. I prefer those of her pictures which don't include the sun or the moon; they never really seem luminous. Particularly I enjoyed some of the beach and esplanade scenes at Brighton: the silhouette of the invalid's umbrella, the Corporation chairs, the smart, clicking high-heel shoes of the walking girls, the ornate lamp standards—these seen through the spray and condensation acquire a slight, wistful but genuine poetry.

Mr. Patrick Heron (at the Redfern) has a decorative sense of colour and a happy way of applying it, but I am afraid that I cannot see the point of most of these new paintings—although I have certainly enjoyed some of his previous work. These interiors and landscapes, broken up into jig-saws of pleasant colour, are criss-crossed and tangled by wandering lines which go around, across and *into* objects—implying, for example, the bone inside an arm. Yet this does not increase one's awareness of space and structure; on the contrary, it devitalises the objects (his children look like dolls) and flattens everything into a repetitive carpet-like pattern. Only in one picture, simpler than most of the others—No. 10, of a balcony window—does anything *happen*; then the lines do shoot off into space and the colours begin to vibrate with the sensation of third-dimensional distance. I hope that this is one of his most recent paintings.

Mr. Fred Uhlman (also at the Redfern) continues to paint street and harbour scenes. His best pictures are like those visions, naive, over-precise and slightly unreal, which we retain of places where we were once romantically happy—but have never revisited; they induce the same sweet nostalgia.

Lastly, I should like to add that the most powerful—which is to say the most purposeful—of recent shows was Keith Vaughan's which I wrote about (perhaps rather too grudgingly) last week.

JOHN BERGER

THE MOVIES

"Where No Vultures Fly," at the Odeon
"The Prowler," at the London Pavilion
"The Stooge," at the Carlton
"The Crazy Ray" and "An Italian Straw Hat," at the Everyman (from Monday)

"The main unit had its share of thrills, too, of course. While in the middle of a scene at Voi, five elephants strolled right into the middle of the set! There was the most appalling stampede and the elephants were as terrified as the unit. Incredibly, they damaged nothing, and we went on with our dramatic piece, which somehow seemed to have become a little flat." And a little flat it remains. The pity is there were no observers with cameras (up the trees, say), on the look-out for just such a scene as the above. If, instead of *Where No Vultures Fly* we had been given *Diary of a Jungle Film*, what an excitement that might have been!

As it is, I'm afraid that this film, so thrilling to make and to look back on, resembles every other jungle film. The animals, that is to say (remarkably well photographed by Paul Beeson), deserve far more of the screen, Kilimanjaro plays a distant part magnificently, the blacks manage to be themselves, and the whites would have done better to stay at home. Why should a lioness—until then, no doubt, doing well enough—be tricked into a Swiss Family Robinson scene with Mr. and Mrs. and Master Game Warden; the latter, of course, being atrociously threatened as he saunters back by the jungle path along which incautiously, etc? And even worse indignity awaits the rhinoceros. He has to dispose of the villain over a cliff in the last-minute car chase. Vultures supply a title. Elephants—to do the film justice—are let off melodrama; they shamble in herds over the plain, they come down to drink and bathe, they charge. True, some of them get shot; but that, from the aesthetic point of view, is preferable to poor rhino's fate. The film—arriving, as it does, at Ealing by way of Amboseli—lends a humane touch to its juvenility; we're all for game preserves, and the decent man winning. Mr. Harry Watt, who wrote and directed, must take both the blame and the praise for a piece that is, at least, treks better than *King Solomon's Mines*.

The Prowler is a tough, unsympathetic little film about a cop (Van Heflin) who seduces a woman, shoots her husband, and leaves her in a "ghost-town" (good macabre site for a climax) because their baby will provide the evidence that he is a murderer. The reasons for this are too long to explain, and tedious anyway. The film, directed by Joseph Losey, attempts a certain spareness, but succeeds only in being as arid with its characters as it is in landscape. In the end he climbs the most conspicuous slope in sight, to be shot down by the police; but whether this is suicide or director's hyperbole we can't tell and don't much care.

The latest thing in horse-laughs is a Mr. Jerry Lewis who is always retreating into the sulks and has a guinea-fowl's voice, all the appearance of a half-wit, and dialogue well suited to his appearance. His chief interest is that he makes himself so repellent, in order apparently to appeal to our maternal instincts; and *The Stooge*, I am told, is likely to break records as a "funny" film. Those who believe that laughter is necessarily a response to the comic would do well to drop in on Mr. Lewis.

An Italian Straw Hat, revived again (but never too often) at the Everyman, is ideal farce, and very properly plays to Mozartian airs. It shares the programme with a piece of even earlier Clair. *The Crazy Ray* (1923) deals sketchily with a Conan Doyle notion of a city's life suddenly arrested. It makes play with delightful tableaux and changeabouts between quick and still. A memorable sequence, by the way, in which gamblers on the top of the Eiffel Tower shower notes over the dead city, seems largely to have disappeared with the years.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

RADIO NOTES

THE traveller, as we know, sees only what he sees, and even with the advantages that radio gives him—the use of preserved sounds and voices, Munchausen-fashion—what he presents remains a personal picture. *Focus on Hollywood* was a chance for a calm and original eye; but, heralded as it was with some trumpets, and occurring in the alert *Focus* series, it proved all the more of a disappointment. Part 2, for instance, which opened with recordings of the Hollywood trials, passed lightly on, with no change of mood, into a number of interviews with what a native described as "exci'ing persona'ities." And that was all. Of course, it is a thankless task to look for a third dimension in a two-dimensional world, but these were the notes of a dazed and acquiescent guest, not of a detached non-American observer.

It would be interesting to know how far the place affects the traveller, for Laurence Gilliam, who had in a way the reverse problem, of looking

"Thank you—but don't forget the rest of us"

This African was able to buy a Bible. Why? Because missionaries had worked for years translating the Scriptures into his language, and because the Bible Society was there to print, bind and transport copies into the heart of East Africa. All this cost the Society a lot of money which could not be included in the selling price because it would then be too high for the African to afford. There are thousands all over Africa waiting eagerly for copies of the Scriptures in their own languages.

To supply this urgent need will cost money—and prices are rising. Will you help?

THE BRITISH & FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY

146 QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.4.

* Christmas Display of Abbatt Toys

at 94 Wimpole St. W1

* *Free catalogue on request*

Say it with SEALS *this* CHRISTMAS

Greet your friends with Christmas Seals and Christmas Cards and help tuberculous patients

SEALS (4/- per hundred)
CARDS (6/- per dozen)

Obtainable from the
NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PREVENTION OF TUBERCULOSIS
Tavistock House North, London, W.C.1

in an antique country for the living present, produced in his *Journey in Greece* a fresh, vivid, even brilliant record, which had the engaging air, moreover, of conforming to no radio formula. It was only when current political matters were touched that awkwardness broke in, and we were reminded that it was, after all, the visitor's Greece. Of course, it is in a country such as this, which has no public services, and which is no place to be ill in, or poor in, or politically non-conforming in, that the myth of the happy peasant is most certain to flourish. Mr. Gilliam, who valiantly resisted its appeal, dealt with it wittily by putting it into the mouth of a seedy ex-Eighth Army Englishman, who stayed on for the wine, the girls, the sun, and had nothing to complain of but—oddly—the red tape.

To these contra-national impressions, Third Programme listeners were able to add last week not only a thoughtful and serious view of the South African party situation (by John Hatch), but a commentary of outstanding quality, by a distinguished Frenchman on ourselves. This was M. Albert Camus, whose discussion of the English elections (delivered first in French and later in English translation) was political speaking of a kind rarely heard here, unfortunately—the voice of the philosopher and idealist; wise not narrow, not unpractical—and basing his criticisms on the standards of the European not of the transatlantic scene. This was followed by a parallel talk by M. Raymond Aron, who, while taking an unattached "non-socialist" view, maintained the same philosophic level and refreshing width of outlook. A B.B.C. inspiration, these commentaries, deserving applause.

Historical writing also engages (though in Time) the traveller's vision, and is capable of the same omissions, distortions, and sudden superb evocations. For *The Young and Ancient Men*, C. P. Snow's dignified and impressive reconstruction of the early story of the Pilgrim Fathers I have nothing but praise. The basis of this programme, a dialogue set down by William Bradford, the leading survivor, in 1648, to explain to the new generation the community's origins, holds in itself the germ of radio, and the additions (to include the *Mayflower's* voyage, the harsh first winter, and the later rifts within the sect) are hardly to be sorted from the original Bradford. The hymns, some keeping the early tunes, some with new settings to George Herbert's words, increased the grave and moving atmosphere of Rayner Heppenstall's production.

Saturday's *Running Water* by A. E. W. Mason, played, down to the breathless and indispensable narrator, with unflinching seriousness, was an unintentional period discovery. It belongs to a time when there are but two kinds of gentlemen; some, who are cads, play cards; some, cleaner types, climb mountains. And that weak young man, who has signed a post-obit on his inheritance—why the enlarged pupils? why the trembling hands? "It's not drink—it's *cocaine*!"

besuchen Sie
visitez
visiten
visitate
посещайте

The Linguists' Club

Conversation and tuition.
Continental Snack Bar, Roof Garden.
Concerts, Debates, Dances.

20 GROSVENOR PLACE LONDON SW1 • SLOane 9595

London listeners may like to know of a series of public lectures on *Aspects of Broadcasting* being given, currently, at Morley College. The time: Tuesdays, 6.30. The next speaker is Harman Grisewood, whose subject is *The Third Programme*.

NAOMI LEWIS

"Third Person," at the Arts Theatre

Things are much less explicit under the American Green Bay Tree than they were under ours, and they take a good deal longer to get under way. Back from the wars, a good-natured husband brings with him an attractive young neurotic who settles down in his home and makes himself liked by both the wife and the schoolgirl daughter. All seems to be going along well enough until an interfering friend arrives and unsettles everyone's view of the situation. He tells the unsuspecting couple about the young man's past which had centred, just before the war, round mental homes and psychiatrists' sofas. The wife, who has been uneasy about her husband's friendship, insists on the young man's leaving at once. The husband, a slow fellow, first falls into a temper and turns the boy out, and then, on second thoughts, accuses the interfering friend of base motives. The motives are indeed base, though there is an unsuspected little twist involved here. The play, though its pressure is not very high, has a reasonable quota of effective situations and dramatic scenes. But it doesn't rise above using its out-of-the-ordinary subject for very ordinary domestic drama effects. It is very well cast. Miss Ursula Jeans is excellent as the firm-minded wife. Mr. Roger Livesey is the slowcoach of a husband, and Mr. Denholm Elliott the equivocal young man, while Mr. Kenneth Hyde has an appropriately sinister touch as the interfering friend.

T. C. W.

The Apollo Society, at the Arts Theatre

This was a recital of poetry and music. The programme was divided into seven sections, each intended to be a mosaic of verse and music cohering round some common element of "style, form, subject-matter or feeling." Thus, we had Night (Beethoven and Shakespeare), Ballads (Bach, Suckling, Chopin and Tennyson), John Betjeman and Poulenc, and so on. The readers were Miss Peggy Ashcroft and Mr. Alec Clunes and the pianist Mr. Angus Morrison. The total effect seemed to me appalling. Similarities between the arts came out all right: in the end it was the pianist who won the day, because he forced his colleagues to read their verse as music whereas they would plainly have preferred to read it as though it were drama. In fact, the poems had almost nothing to do with the music, and they could not have had. Each damaged the ear for the other. Stage actors are seldom effective on the radio because they are not used to making an effect with the voice alone; and for the same reason they rarely read verse well. Mr. Clunes's antics in his armchair added nothing to the poems he read, and his smoking-concert kind of "expression" was a distraction. Miss Ashcroft has a very beautiful voice, but she missed her chances. She filled up the spaces between the words, ignored the end-stopping of lines, and put in dramatic build-ups that did not exist. On the stage it is often an actor's business to make dreary words sound interesting, and difficult words sound easy: reading verse you must allow the words to work for themselves.

P. D. S.

Sculpture by Henry Laurens, at the Arcade Gallery

Laurens has a very high reputation on the Continent and this first English Exhibition of examples of his work from 1919 until the present day proves that it is well-deserved. The earliest works on show are some cubist carvings and bronzes. Rather like three-dimensional cubist paintings, their edges are sharp and the planes of the structure (seen simultaneously from more than one point of view) are overlapped, inset and cemented together to form emblems of figures with many profiles. They lack, perhaps, a fully three-dimensional and plastic quality but they are impressive architectural constructions and certainly the firm, almost one might say functional discipline, which lies behind them, is evident in all Laurens's later work. In the more sensuous, classic figures—carved and cast in the Twenties—one is made aware of the columns within the limbs, of the architrave across the shoulders. Particularly, there is a reclining bronze figure (no. 19); this, which is quite specifically concerned with the classical conception of the Woman, the Muse, has, at the same time, the severity of an implement made in a forge. His recent work is more organic, the forms are softer and more lumpy but, as in the large 1948 bronze of a woman called the Moon, there is still the same underlying constructional discipline. One looks at this figure, observes the strong, fast thrust of the arms through the shoulders to the breasts, and is reminded, despite the full ripeness of the limbs, of a sort of organic fuselage. There are also some drawings and prints on view. In the best of these, a free line seems to lasso space and to record, like a seismograph—not vibrations but forms. The one possible criticism of Laurens's work is that it lacks a certain warmth—but that may well be a personal prejudice.

J. B.

Correspondence

LET'S FACE THE FUTURE

SIR,—During the election I heard several candidates and a score of speakers, including a number of members of the late Government. Not one of them mentioned the £4,700 million Defence programme. I questioned one member of the Labour Government about it privately. "Clearly," he said, "Bevan was right. We have bitten off more than we can chew. However, it was an aim, not an undertaking. The conditions in which it could have been fulfilled no longer exist, and the first thing we shall have to do when we get back is to make that clear. Almost certainly, we shall have to scale it down drastically."

Now Woodrow Wyatt wants us to support the Tories in persisting in an error of judgment of the gravest possible character, merely because it was made by the Labour Government. This is carrying party loyalty too far.

I have a suggestion. Let Woodrow Wyatt get together with a few other militants and write a new pamphlet called "Keep Right." I can see it all—a dramatic and stirring plea for Labour to march forward in full harmony with Winston and the Americans. The introduction—a closely reasoned argument on disarmament by rearmament. Chapter 1. Any advance on £4,700 millions? Chapter 2. Stockpiles without pain. Chapter 3. The Germans are Good Soldiers. Chapter 4. So are the Japanese. Chapter 5. Attack by Defence. Chapter 6. Defence by Attack. And the finale—the whole thing working up to the most sensational end yet seen . . .

Just the job to rejuvenate and unify the Labour Party. Go to it, Woodrow!

12 The Woodlands, S.E.19. HUGH JENKINS

SIR,—Mr. Wyatt's letter on the consequences of rearmament shows as clearly as the general tenor of last week's debate on the present balance of payments crisis how near to ruin military lunacy and economic wish-dreaming have brought the country.

1. The official spokesmen of both parties accepted a reduction—equivalent virtually to the suspension—of the strategic stock-piling programme. No change has been made in the housing programme in order to make possible the building of shelters. Thus, both parties are now committed to an armaments programme the greater part of which—e.g. the jet bomber scheme—will not yield tangible results for years, without reserves sufficient to carry on even for a few months in case of an atomic attack, and leaving our urban areas with well half of our population completely exposed. Yet the armaments programme renders us hopelessly dependent on American decisions because we cannot carry it out, and carry on, without U.S. aid.

2. Mr. Wyatt and all those who supported the late Government in their military and economic policy, which landed us in the present crisis, argue that the maintenance of the standard of life, including social services, is compatible with the armaments pro-

gramme of £4,700 m. This is untrue. The resignation of the three Ministers last Spring contributed decisively to changing the U.S. policy of monopolising the supplies of primary commodities. This at least helped us to escape unemployment, due to lack of raw materials. But as a result of the dislocations due to the armaments programme, our production has ceased to grow, and the over-loading of the economy converted the export surplus of well over £400 m. p.a. in the fourth quarter of last year into a deficit of some £800 m. at present. To say that our rearmament demand did not aggravate the raw material shortages, and especially the catastrophic shortage of steel and coal, and did not impinge on exports, is to shut one's eyes to the obvious. To insist that a Labour Government could have cut national expenditure by some £600-£800 m. immediately (and by another £300 m. next year if raw material supplies and thus total output do not improve dramatically)—as is required by the implementation of the £4,700 m. armaments plan if the balance of payments deficit is to be eradicated—without cutting either armaments or mass consumption, including social services, is sheer political dishonesty. One wonders how far Mr. Wyatt took his electors into his confidence about the consequences of the policy he claims to have supported in his constituency.

3. The cause of Labour will not really be advanced by attributing all ills to the Tory Government, which inherited a grave crisis from the Labour administration, and by refusing to recognise those mistakes of the previous administration which have led to the crisis. It may be true that the swing of the Liberal vote decided the last election. The Labour Leaders should ask themselves how many more working-class votes they would have secured, which now are still cast to buttress Mr. Churchill and his peers, had the Labour Government really succeeded in economic planning. The spectacle of biennial crises which are seemingly unexpected by the Labour Government; the muddles threatening coal production and our survival, are not the best advertisement for our economic conceptions.

Labour policies since the devaluation represent a steady retreat from conscious planning and control until Mr. Butler's programme can hardly be distinguished from the policies pursued by his predecessors. Yet there can be no doubt that real economic planning buttressed by controls which can enforce social priorities could easily have secured an even faster economic progress than experienced, and a steadily advancing basic minimum standard.

Balliol College, Oxford. T. BALOGH

SIR,—What Mr. Woodrow Wyatt did during the General Election is surely irrelevant to your statement that "no Socialist pinned his colours to the mast of the £4,700 million Defence programme."

75, Barrowgate Road, Chiswick, W.4. L. C. WHITE

THE PARTY OF THE PEOPLE

SIR,—Your correspondent, Ian Mackay, draws attention to the fact that there are no farm workers in Parliament. Is this not due to the fact that the rural areas are largely Conservative? If the Labour Party is again to get a reasonable majority in Parliament and earn the title of the "Party of the People" it will have to forget the Liberals and convert more farm workers to Socialism instead.

In the last election we, here, lost an excellent M.P. by 54 votes, yet not far away there were useless majorities of tens of thousands.

Consider the difficulties in working a rural area: one underpaid agent to organise dozens of villages yet having to spend most of his time in routine office work unconnected with organisation: volunteers going to meetings to try to persuade reluctant farm workers to join the Labour Party and pay a weekly subscription for that privilege: a few evening and Saturday afternoon workers to canvass the scattered villages: collecting subscriptions and distributing party literature over a wide area: all this and more *with one old temperamental party car.*

It is probable that we in the marginal constituencies get all the election excitement, while the workers in massive majority seats are bored. So would it not be reasonible for a safe seat to *adopt* a marginal rural one and share the funds, the workers, the speakers and the excitement?

Buckinghamshire. W. E. FILDES

TWILIGHT OF THE CHURCH

SIR,—As an ordinary working priest, I should like to say how much I appreciated Dr. Joad's article. Nobody can doubt that there is a twilight and Dr. Joad has provided an excellent ground-plan for discussion.

So far as the Church of England be concerned, it has tended during recent years to fall into three groups. There is the purely conventional and thoughtless "C of E" type of churchmanship which is mainly associated with fashionable or conventional churches. Here, "C of E" is a part of a conservative stage-scenery, "The Religion of the Ratepayers," to quote Conrad Noel, and frequently seems to bear the remotest connection with positive Christian faith. There has been an ethico-religious school, more or less broad church and placing more emphasis upon conduct than dogma. The Anglo-Catholic group alone has made immense popular inroads with its combination of dogma and cultus, practising within the Church of England what is, in essentials, the religion of historic and Medieval Christendom. For many years now, Evangelicals have merely not counted within the cultural sphere. To-day, the conventional "C of E" attitude is fast fading out and religion is the healthier for its going. Its narrow conservatism and detachment from pressing social issues has been riddled by Gore, Conrad Noel, and the Anglo-Catholic Summer School of Sociology. For too long it was a dead weight upon the church and few can mourn its passing save those who wished to use it for political and social ends. Indeed, it would seem to have more in common with the Radio Doctor than with a positive religion!

An ethical broad churchism is likewise dying. Obviously, if one has reached this position, one has in spirit abandoned historic Christianity and one's proper place is with the humanists. For the most part, people who do reach this standpoint give up public worship. It is for this reason that Unitarians have never had any sort of following. Anglo-Catholicism is enormously strong simply because it combines an historic tradition with a dogmatic position which can be defended upon rational grounds. It likewise emerges into a worship and a religion which is coherent in its relationship of the material to the spiritual. Dr. Joad is perfectly right in thinking that the quaint orthodoxies of popular Protestantism have gone the way of all flesh. But this is scarcely true to-day of the historic dogmatic position of the Catholic Church.

As a result of the changing climate of the times, in large measure a contest between a scientific humanism which is seeking to understand mysticism and a Catholicism which is at least the most "humanist" of the various presentations of Christianity, the Church of England finds itself in certain practical difficulties. One thing is clear; it can no longer shoulder its older parochial obligations and many parishes, especially in the country, will have to do without a resident priest. At the same time, it is faced with a shrinkage through the falling off of supporters whose motives were, to say the least, of a very mixed quality. In many ways, it is like the eighteenth-century Non-Jurors, with a strength resident in the minority movement of an Anglican Catholicism. Is not the best solution of the problem to face this fact? The Anglican Catholic has a particular place and a particular mission both in Christendom as a whole and in England in particular. As Gore and Noel realised, he has an especial task to work out the sociological implications of the Faith. For the most part, such life as is left in the Church of England resides in his churches. Perhaps his wisest task is to carry on, not worrying overmuch about the failure of types of Anglican presentations of Christianity which he can only regard as past perversions thrown up by fortuitous circumstances. His own opportunities are clear, whatever may be the financial problems and the poverty of his priesthood. Dr. Joad does not mention Mirfield, Kelham or Nashdom, nor does he speak of the various women's Orders. The very existence of a strong and virile Religious Life in the English Church is a vivid reminder that, however dead may be conventional "C of Eism" or the various attempts to turn the church into an ethical society, the minority movement of an English Catholicism was possibly never stronger than it has become to-day when it has to face challenge and opposition going to the roots of its claims.

F. H. AMPHLETT MICKLEWRIGHT
St. Mary's Parsonage,
Dewsbury.

EGYPTIAN GAZETTE

SIR,—In your issue of November 3 you publish a letter—headed Canal Zone Censorship—containing some rather sweeping and misleading statements which should be corrected in the interest of all concerned. *The Egyptian Gazette*, although originally British-founded and owned, has for the past thirteen years been the property of an Egyptian publishing company (which includes some British

The International SKI COURSES OF THE TYROL INSTITUTE

The "Tyrol Institute" of Innsbruck is an organisation within the International Student movement of the U.N. Their courses offer ski-instruction, reduced ski lift cable railway fares, entertainments and the company of students and post graduates of other nationalities. Centres at . . .

ST. ANTON/ARLBERG & KITZBUEHEL

Inclusive winter sports holidays providing for travel, accommodation, tuition and entertainments. Numbers strictly limited. 16 days. 26½ gns.

Full details from: THE TYROL INSTITUTE, C/o INGHAMS
143, NEW BOND STREET, LONDON, W.1. Phone: MAYfair 0942.

WINTER
in
COMFORT
at
SMEDLEY'S
Great Britain's Greatest Hydro
An unrivalled all-season resort.
The booklet of Smedley's will be gladly sent on application to Manager, Smedley's Hydro, Matlock, Derbyshire.

SPECIALISED POSTAL TUITION for UNIVERSITY, CIVIL SERVICE & PROFESSIONAL EXAMINATIONS

A Metropolitan College Modern Postal Course is the most efficient, the most economical, and the most convenient means of preparation for the General Certificate of Education examinations (G.C.E.), Degrees, I.A.S. and other external London University Degrees, Civil Service, Local Government and Commercial Examinations, etc.
Also expert postal tuition for Prelim. Exams. and for the professional exams. in Accountancy, Secretaryship, Law, Sales Management, etc., and many university practice/non-exam. courses in commercial subjects.
MORE THAN 50,000 POST-WAR EXAMINATION SUCCESSES
Guarantee of Coaching until Successful. Textbook reading library. Monthly fees payable by instalments. Write today for prospectus, sent FREE on request, mentioning exam. or subjects in which interested to the Secretary.
METROPOLITAN COLLEGE
(Dept 4) ST. ALBANS or call 10, Queen Victoria St. London, E.C.4

directors) and is subject to the Egyptian Press Law and executive orders. This means, in effect, that we carry the Egyptian official version of events in the Canal Zone, and the British military authorities naturally felt that in the circumstances we were insufficiently objective in our local news coverage, which led to a ban from the Canal area for a few days. On second thoughts, however, when the Military began publication of its own two-page *Canal Zone News*, giving only the British viewpoint, the ban was lifted and we are now circulating freely.

As regards the suggestion that *The Egyptian Gazette* is published specially for the benefit of "Pukka Sahibs," your correspondent may be interested to know that, as far as we can ascertain, our readership consists of roughly one-third British and the same proportion of Egyptian and cosmopolitan readers.

H. E. EARLE,
The Egyptian Gazette, Cairo. *Editor*

SEX AND THE VATICAN

SIR,—Critic refers to the dilemma confronting health committees as a result of the Pope's edict about marriage and birth control.

Whilst the effect upon the Catholic population will be sufficiently severe, it is of immediate practical importance to determine what steps should be taken to protect non-Catholic expectant mothers from Catholic obstetricians. Appropriate safeguards can only be provided by expectant mothers having the right to inquire as to the religious beliefs of the obstetrician, and the further right if necessary to reject his services and to call for those of a practitioner who will be guided only by clinical considerations. The patient has at present the right to choose her general practitioner, but no such choice exists in the case of hospital consultants, an omission which calls for urgent remedy in light of the latest Papal pronouncement.

6 Willoughly Road, GEOFFREY DRAIN
Hampstead, London, N.W.3.

SIR,—In stating that the deliberate limitation of intercourse to the safe-period is sinful, says Critic in THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION last week, "His Holiness has at last closed that loophole." It being understood that this last remaining loophole had in the past permitted Catholics to "live sensibly."

What, in fact, did the Pope say? Here is a brief extract from the carefully organized address to Italian midwives: "There are serious reasons, medical, eugenic, economic and social, that can exempt for a long time, perhaps even for the whole duration of the marriage, from the positive and obligatory carrying out of the act (i.e., the sex-act). From this it follows that *keeping to the non-fertile periods alone can be morally lawful.* Under such conditions it really is so. But if, according to a reasonable and fair judgment, there are no such grave reasons of a personal nature or deriving from external circumstances, then the intention always to avoid fruitful union while at the same time contriving fully to satisfy sensuality means a false appreciation of life and is alien to right moral rules."

Critic's avowed concern for "the more thoughtful and courageous Roman Catholics" would be more welcome to those of us who try hard to think and to be brave if we could believe that he was trying in a responsible manner to discuss this latest, easily accessible statement of a Catholic attitude.

Manor House, BERNARD MCCABE
Clyst St. George, Exeter.

RENT CONTROL

SIR,—Mr. Ogden may have the advantage of living in Rochdale but he really should not be so parochially minded as to consider his town in isolation from the rest of the country. As I stated in my first letter, landlords owning both controlled and uncontrolled property appear to be doing reasonably well. It is just to meet the cases of the small owners of controlled property mentioned by Mr. Ogden that I suggested a levy from uncontrolled property.

Mr. Ogden, when quoting figures, ignores shops, offices, cinemas and factories which are all uncontrolled. Though I do not know Rochdale, I have little doubt that there are more than 50 of such premises in that town. Mr. Ogden states that an inquiry into business premises would make no appreciable difference. Has he not heard of the City of London, of Westminster, Kensington, Birmingham, Liverpool and the many other large towns in this country where the rents of offices and shops in central districts have reached levels far above pre-war? The rents of agricultural land too (also uncontrolled) have risen substantially. It is a pool formed by the suggested levy from all that property which would be used to effect repairs to the small houses of Rochdale.

May I assure Mr. Ogden that I do not suffer from any delusion as to the level of controlled rents. Of course the controlled rents of pre-1914 houses is the 1914 rent, plus 40 per cent., plus any increase in rates, but that does not affect the position. It may be that owners of property seeing the existing shortage of houses wish to take advantage of the scarcity by increasing rents, just as the scarcity of motor cars is used by owners (but not by the manufacturers) to demand prices very much in excess of the original cost. Such profiteering is not to the advantage of the community because of its inflationary effect, and wherever it can be restrained it should be kept under control. Landlords have no special grievance if their income from rent has not increased since even 1914. If, for instance, they had invested in Consols or in Preference shares their income would also have remained the same.

As for owner-occupied property, it might well be brought into the scheme on an assessment based on the rateable value.

Reform Club, M. P. PICARD
Pall Mall, S.W.1.

THEATRE CLUBS

SIR,—C. H. Rolph's admirable article on the ambiguous legal position of theatre clubs is misleading in one particular. Though, historically speaking, these clubs originated as a means of avoiding the censorship, this is no longer true. The fiction that they are evading the censorship is perpetuated by the clubs themselves as the prospect of seeing something forbidden to the generality adds a spice to membership which they find valuable.

An examination of the plays presented by theatre clubs immediately exposes that it is a fiction for over 90 per cent. of them need have no fear of being turned down by the Lord Chamberlain. Indeed, it could scarcely be otherwise since, outside theatres with a specific policy, such as the Arts and Unity, club theatres have to be subsidised either from revenues obtained from the transfer of their successes to West End commercial productions or through "donations" from playwrights, scene designers, producers and actors who look upon the club theatres as shop windows and are prepared to pay to use them. Naturally, since these last are anxious to exploit their talents commercially, they are as little interested in works which are unlikely to receive the censor's blessing as are the club managements who are looking for a success to transfer to Shaftesbury Avenue.

Shortage of theatre buildings and the vicious rack-renting of those that do exist are the present-day reasons for the development of club theatres. These club theatres are not public theatres because their premises do not comply with the by-laws regulating the safety of theatres. That is the real rub.

The position is obscured for the majority, however, because prosecutions, when they do occur, are brought under the Theatres Act, as the local Council has no jurisdiction over unlicensed premises.

What, then, is to be done, since no one wishes to relax the safety regulations and this Government, at least, is unlikely to do anything towards reducing theatre rents? If the law which allows local authorities to set up Civic Theatres were to be properly exploited now, these new regional playhouses could take up the experiments and the training of new young talent which is supposed to be the function, but too often is not, of our membership theatres.

There would still be the censorship, but the way to deal with that is by constant frontal attack, not by hole-in-the-corner evasion. And, in any case, the censorship is of scarcely any moment beside the problem of running a membership theatre and keeping within the uncertain legal limits, as anyone who has tried will tell you. R. VERNON BESTE

ROTORSTATION

SIR,—I have only just seen your issue of October 20. I am afraid I cannot endorse Critic's self-congratulatory encomium of the word "air-stop" to describe a place where helicopters land. It seems to me neither apt nor descriptive. A bus stops at a "bus stop," but the air does not stop at an "air-stop"!

In B.E.A. for some time past we have used the word "rotorstation." I cannot see why "rotor" should be "ruled out by the (evanescent) Battersea Fun Fair." The word was in use long before the Fun Fair was thought of. And after all, the place where helicopters land and depart is a station (c.f. bus station). A helicopter is a rotor. Hence "rotorstation" seems entirely appropriate, though possibly a bit on the long side. But unless one of your readers can suggest something better, "rotorstation" seems to me to hold the field.

DOUGLAS OF KIRTLESIDE,
British European Airways. *Chairman*

ROAD HAULAGE

SIR,—It is not correct to say (NEW STATESMAN & NATION, November 3, page 478) that the plan for de-nationalisation prepared by the Road Haulage Association would allow ex-hauliers to return to free enterprise and at the same time retain the whole of the sum they received in compensation when their businesses were acquired. The plan sets out what the Association considers a fair formula to cover the purchase of vehicles, premises and equipment at present in the possession of the Road Haulage Executive.

R. MORTON MITCHELL,
Road Haulage Association. *Secretary*

THE ELUSIVE NOUGHT

SIR,—I wonder whether your remark in last week's issue that between July and September the sterling area's net deficit was running at an annual rate of $2,500 is one of these "typically English understatements," or whether the compositor thought that a few noughts more or less did not matter?

19 Cambridge Square, W.2. P. WINTER

[The figure, of course, is $2,500 *million*.—ED., *N.S. & N.*]

Cheaper Books for Lively Minds . . .

READERS UNION was the first, is the most intelligent, book-club. For 4s. 6d. a month its members get special editions of outstanding novels, books of exploration, travel, history, biography and the like, which cost four or five times the RU price elsewhere. This lively-minded book-club is a real investment for the serious reader.

As such you will be particularly interested in RU's current programme, which includes *Uttermost Part of the Earth, A Voice Through a Cloud, Operation Cicero, The Trap, Kon-Tiki Expedition* and *Isles of Unwisdom.*

RU also offers additional bargains and a free monthly magazine.

STILL ONLY **4/6** A MONTH

Send the coupon below now for new prospectus—or a postcard will do.

To READERS UNION
38 WILLIAM IV St., TRAFALGAR Sq., LONDON W.C.2

Please send me, without any obligation, your latest prospectus NSN

Name .....

Address .....
(Ladies' title if preferred)

Books in General

THE present revival in Scott Fitzgerald has now the support of a biography*, the first to be written. It is a factual, thoughtful, thorough and sympathetic book, expository rather than critical. To crib from one of Edmund Wilson's titles, we may be uncertain how far Scott Fitzgerald is a "classic" or a "commercial," but the interest of his period, his legend, his life and his disaster, has the bite of a decisive piece of history. His is one of those tragedies which go beyond the personal and which throw wretched shadows beyond them. They have been frequent in American literature. In Poe, Mark Twain, Jack London, they are the tragedies of the fever of success. Excess in some form—money and alcohol, as a rule—are always involved in them. Scott Fitzgerald runs true to type in another way also. He is what may be called one of the Good-bye writers who are haunted by the sense of something lost. The note appears very early in his life when he was leaving Princeton, a poor Middle Eastern boy in the rich Easterners' school. Mr. Mizener shows him at barely 21 saying Goodbye to youth. It was an emotion generally felt by those about to go into the First World War; in Scott Fitzgerald's case it was, as Mr. Mizener says, native to him; but one cannot help remembering that chronic flutterers of the sad handkerchief in Europe, like Turgenev or Merimée, did not feel that life was over until one was thirty, and the other fifty, years of age. Hemingway, a shrewd and affectionate friend of Scott Fitzgerald's, warned him that the cult of youth looked like a refusal of maturity. It may have been. But the personal state of mind is crossed by two other currents: the Twenties were, above all, the age of extreme possibility and its natural exhaustion. And then, nostalgia for a lost past and a lost future is a fundamental American subject.

Fashion moves fast with us. When generation used to wait for generation, decade now stamps upon decade. Scott Fitzgerald was called the spokesman of the Jazz Age and Gertrude Stein said he simply *was* the age. The critics of the Marxist period fell upon him, and his reputation vanished overnight. Looking back upon them, they seem, as writers, hamstrung by social guilt and its unconscious insincerities. It seemed to them that to be a born writer, as Fitzgerald was, a man to whom life was not real unless, on some level or another, it was written, and who cared continually about words and method, was nothing; yet it is precisely this literary avidity and a natural instinct which enabled him to catch his time. The egoism and sense of possibility in him were his passport. He was no thinker, but he was impressionable; he was a poet and a story-teller who wrote with an immediate intimacy; and he could hit an historical truth. Allow for the overtone of sentimentality —the vice of the period—and the following passage which Mr. Mizener has taken from *Tender is the Night* is a true diagnosis. It is better done than the corresponding war passages in the early Evelyn Waugh. Dick Diver stands on a battlefield of the First World War.

> See that little stream, we could walk to it in two minutes. It took the British a month to walk—Empire walking very slowly, dying in front and pushing behind. And another empire walked very slowly backward a few inches a day, leaving the dead like a million bloody rags. No Europeans will ever do that again in this generation. . . . This kind of battle was invented by Lewis Carroll and Jules Verne and whoever wrote *Undine* and country deacons bowling and marraines in Marseilles and girls seduced in the back lanes of Wurtemburg and Westphalia. . . . There was a century of middle-class love spent there.

Dick Diver recognises that he is living on the moral capital of his ancestors. His hell—and Scott Fitzgerald's too—was to know at last that the moral capital and the emotional capacity are the same thing. European writers like Huxley and Evelyn Waugh were made savage by this reflection. They become satirists living on the assurance of the past and they solidly imply that those who say the bottom has been knocked out of things, will have the traditional and disagreeable job of knocking it in again. Scott Fitzgerald, in the same dilemma, conserves the American sense of the value of the last dream. Gatsby (and Stuhr of *The Last Tycoon*) are to be honoured for their fidelity to it. They go to what Fitgerald called the crack-up, unelevated by tragedy but, at any rate, noted by regret. They will never be able to distinguish between innocence and cynicism. America will swallow them up, and America, in these novels, plays something like the mysterious role of Russia in the writing of all the Russian novelists.

It is easy to moralise over Scott Fitzgerald's life: most critics have done so. We see the poor boy who idealises the rich; with his determination to please or conquer; the racketting marriage, the wild extravagance—hopeless debts on $30,000 a year—the parties, the alcoholism and overwork to catch up with the debts, the squalid scenes gradually increasing. The idyllic marriage turns into a stunt, the stunt becomes an organized cat-and-dog life. The search for tranquillity ends in more parties, in more mansions; the art of pleasing in brilliant but rather bitter jokes like the polo party supplied with farm horses. The fights begin, the street rows, nights in prison, weeks in the alcoholic ward; the charm vanishes in bitterness, insults, remorse, self-pity, isolation. It is a heavy price for making Gatsby, the bootlegger, into a kind of hero. A high price was paid for Gatsby's American dream:

> By this time contemporaries of mine had begun to disappear into the dark maw of violence. A class mate killed his wife and himself on Long Island, another tumbled "accidentally" from a skyscraper in Philadelphia, another purposefully from a skyscraper in New York. One was killed in a speakeasy in Chicago; another was beaten to death in a speakeasy in New York and crawled home to the Princeton Club to die; still another had his skull crushed by a maniac's axe in an asylum. . . .

And Scott Fitzgerald was condemned, as a lapsed Catholic, to observe the violence and corruption without any capacity to feel more than the waste of it.

When the moralist turns to Scott Fitzgerald's work he is silenced. So much of his manner and method as a story writer and novelist has gone into the work of his contemporaries and successors that it is hard, at first sight, to distinguish his signature in the common script. His chief difference from writers like Hemingway and Faulkner is that he did not learn in the reporter's school; in consequence he is free from mannerisms and reporters' exhibitionism and sentimentality. He takes to narrative as a duck to water, and has an almost impertinent naturalness and aplomb. "But as for Jacques La Borwitz, I shall spare you. . . He had his points no doubt, but so have the sub-microscopic protozoan, so has the dog prowling for a bitch and a bone. Jacques La—oh my!" That is not slickness, but the truth of nature. No writer of his time is more sociable, more sure and incisive with his incidents and characters. He runs along with the spring of a poet, a sort of Byron of his age; and his gift for rendering the surface of place and people in quick images or a few words which wake memory and experience, is unsurpassed by his contemporaries. One remembers that hotel on the Riviera from *Tender is the Night* under its "deferential palms" and "its bright tan prayer rug of a beach," the whole of that chapter of silliness, happiness, boredom and eagerness which contains the light and the shadow of pleasure, the beauty and the nagging of wasted time. There is something arresting in the idle chatter of his people who have their eyes so egoistically on some private epic of their own, that they never sink into the habit (which Hemingway's characters have) of keeping their end up by deliberately boring each other. Gatsby's parties are filled by appalling people, but Fitzgerald is a fancier of their antics; he is a connoisseur of drunks, of giggling women, shouting women; he has an astonishing eye for how a woman gets up from a chair and can suggest a whole career of thug-like finance in a man's gait or the pitch of his nose. Scott Fitzgerald notes all the nervous moments of people as if they were birds, and his judgments are succinct and startling.

He is a natural story-teller for he moves from surprise to surprise. The surprise introduction of Gatsby is masterly, but every episode in that astonishing novel is astonishing: think of the low party given by Burnham's ghastly mistress, Hester, her greed, her stupidity, her insensibility coming out drink by drink. How remarkable that it is she, later on, who comes screaming out of the garage room and is killed by the car; how brilliant to have hit upon this casual mischance for starting the train of accidents that lead to Gatsby's death as he floats on his mattress in the swimming pool. A short blast from real life, ugly, wretched and passionate can blow Gatsby's dream world sky high—by mistake. Fitzgerald's instinct in this book is as brilliant as Maupassant's in *Bel Ami*, indeed he comes very close to Maupassant as a writer both in his slick moments and his sensibility. As a man, too, in many ways: *The Crack-up* is a version of *Le Horla*, written for the Twenties.

I do not know his short stories, but Mr. Mizener says that hostile critics have been grotesquely influenced by Fitzgerald's chronic habit of running down his own work. (He did so because his disastrous ways of living naturally

---

* *The Far Side of Paradise.* By ARTHUR MIZENER. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 18s.

drove the feverish writer in him to despair: his dissipation, above all his exhausting attempts to preserve the original illusion of his marriage, reduced his time, wore out his nerves and his power to feel, and made everything he wrote seem to him bad.) There are at least 50 of Fitzgerald's stories (Mr. Mizener says) which are superb. It sounds very possible. One has only to read the rough text of his last unfinished novel *The Last Tycoon* to see that invention, limpidity, architectural resource had not in the least left him. Judged page by page, he shows no signs of a loss of his powers, though it does seem likely that he could never have put this ambitious novel together as a whole.

Mr. Mizener has kept to the known facts of Scott Fitzgerald's life, makes good use of letters and reminiscences. It is for others to speculate. One would like to know more about his Catholicism, more about the nature of his drinking. One would like to know more about the refusal to mature. A writer of spontaneous lyrical genius may not "mature." A great deal has been made of his naivety about money and the rich, and this undoubtedly existed; but he seems to me to display here not so much an intuition about the American feeling for wealth, as Irish fantasy. Love for him is a sentiment rather than a sexual passion and it has resemblances to the pure sentiment of Tom Moore, gallant, even loose at first sight but, in the Irish fashion, fundamentally innocent. It hardly seems that Scott Fitzgerald would have become more profound as a novelist, nor much richer in his themes, nor—and Mr. Mizener supports the view—does he seem to have been dramatically ruined by magazines or Hollywood; but as *The Last Tycoon* shows in its fragments, he was, as far as his life would let him, deeply concerned with the excellence of his craft. The account of the aeroplane flight to Hollywood is the work of a master. It is an object lesson in how to deal with the clichés of contemporary experience. That, perhaps, is his great lesson.

V. S. PRITCHETT

THE TALL WORDS

The tall words
That were first on the tongue, the words that groped
Into gods, the giants that were worlds
That for the first time spoke ;

For whom the heavens were
So much clear matter in the bright suspension
Of their own heads ; titans
At one, too, with the earth, equal and one ;

Who were all people's
Climbings and towers ; who released the prayer
In the mystery of things like bells in steeples;
Who were common as air :

Gone, now. The mighty niches
Of meaning are empty. Where gods were at home
Are ruined columns and small men making speeches.
Mussolini comes to Rome.

But let us go on saying them
To ourselves, to our children, lest our pigmy overlords
Be the taller on the rostrum
For those gutted glories round it, our old tall words.

PADRAIC FALLON

THE REGENT'S DAUGHTER

Daughter of England. By DOROTHY MARGARET STUART. *Macmillan.* 21*s.*

The intimate correspondence between Princess Charlotte and her bosom friend, Miss Mercer Elphinstone, was published two years ago by Dr. Aspinall from the original MSS. discovered at Bowood. In this torrent of girlish out-pouring, through the lapses of grammar, the wild underlinings and passages of sheer undecipherability, was revealed such a fund of originality and high spirit that our previous opinion of the young Princess had to be revised. She was not just a flibberty-gibbet, shuttling between a selfish father and a scheming mother, but a remarkably sophisticated young woman, as able to take a hand in the family games of intrigue as any of her Hanoverian relations. It was only a question of time before some biographer got to work on this revised version of the Princess. Now Miss Stuart, who has already won her spurs in the Regency field, incorporates the rich Bowood material in what should prove the last word on Princess Charlotte. Her book is erudite and well-written, and can be warmly recommended.

Charlotte's letters to Mercer are not always easy to elucidate. Mercer, as Charlotte's confidant, was chief suspect to Charlotte's father; and their correspondence had to be largely clandestine. Some equivocal references, deliberately introduced in case the letters should fall into wrong hands, led even Dr. Aspinall astray. Miss Stuart's scholarship, however, is thoroughly sound as far as one can judge: the facts she states can be accepted with assurance. Only in that tricky department of biography, the hypothetical conclusion, is an occasional question-mark warranted.

The whole of Charlotte's pitifully short life was dominated by one fact—a fact in the literal sense of crowning importance: she was the ultimate heir to the throne of England. Her childhood was almost too dull to record, cooped up at Windsor with an occasional supervised outing to visit her disgraced mother. But the age of puberty gave the signal for every sprig of royalty in Europe to put on his mating plumage. She exercised a special attraction for Royal bastards: among her first surreptitious admirers were a Fitzclarence, bastard of William IV, D'Este, illegitimate son of the Duke of Sussex, and the deplorable Captain Hesse, whose supposed father was the Duke of York. None of these deserved a moment's consideration. The Duke of Devonshire was a bigger fish; and a few ambiguous attentions from him threw her into a flutter and her father into a rage. Miss Stuart is tempted to believe that he fell in love with the boisterous girl of seventeen. If so, his was the only true love Charlotte ever inspired; and that did not survive longer than a couple of dances and a frown from the Regent.

The Prince of Orange was the official candidate for her hand. Why the Regent should have supported the eligibility of this thin, unattractive nincompoop against all comers for so many years is a Hanoverian mystery which Miss Stuart does not explain. But support the dim Dutchman he did by every means in his power; and actually succeeded in getting Charlotte to accept him. The poor susceptible girl had been kept playing blind man's buff too long not to grab at even Slender Billy when he was pushed into her arms. The engagement lasted six months and was dissolved with *éclat*. Charlotte calmly announced that she could never consent to a life of exile among the frogs of Holland; her real reason for the break being that she had secretly fallen in love with a plump Prussian Prince, on holiday in England for the festivities of 1814. The Regent suspected as much and was furious: he threatened to coop her up again at Windsor until she came to her senses. And his daughter retaliated with her famous jump into a hackney-coach to seek refuge with her mother; a useless escapade, for she was speedily retrieved and incarcerated at Windsor.

Six months then elapsed, during which the Princess repined for her Prussian, her Prussian (who was not a marrying man) solaced himself with dubious proposals to another young lady, and the Regent bided his time to resuscitate Slender Billy. On Christmas Day, 1814, a cat jumped out of the bag at Windsor and scared the Regent out of his complacency. Charlotte confessed to him that she had compromised herself with Captain Hesse at the age of 15 and was still trying to get her letters back from the brute. The need for a husband seemed urgent, or she might find something worse. If not the Dutchman, whom would she take?

And so to Leopold. The astute young Coburger had exhibited his lustrous eyes and dark curls to Charlotte the previous summer and made a favourable impression. With Machiavellian subtlety he had then retired from the scene and reported to the Regent: he wished no offence, but if anything should go wrong with the Orange match, might he be placed on the eligible waiting-list? The Regent was delighted and moved him up at once into first place. Mercer too was on his side, little knowing what she was in for. Yet even when Charlotte had declared for him in despair, he was in no hurry for the wedding. He did not intend to be the best of a bad lot, but, as the handsomest Prince in Europe, a prize she would be lucky to get.

It is difficult to forgive Miss Stuart for her naivety in thinking that this calculating monster was ever in love with Charlotte, although by the date of the marriage in May, 1816, he had probably teased the girl into loving him. His first concern after the ceremony was to break his wife of her love for her dearest Mercer, just as another Coburger was to break Queen Victoria of her love for her old friend Lehzen. Leopold, however, worked faster than Albert; in his case the severance was complete in a few months.

In November 1817, Charlotte gave birth to a dead son and died herself. Sir Richard Croft, the obstetrician, was held to blame and shot himself; but Miss Stuart exonerates him since the *accouchement* was conducted according to the accepted medical practice of the time. Leopold, of course, was in no way to blame; he had rendered his services and saw no reason why he should not collect his fee. Among his wedding presents from the British nation was an annuity of £50,000, which he had taken the precaution to have made payable, whether his wife were alive or dead. This sum he drew regularly from our Exchequer until he died nearly fifty years later. Over £2,000,000 may seem excessive compensation for the loss of a wife, but it was a small price for England to pay to escape from the clutches of such a Prince Consort.

RALPH PARTRIDGE

L'UNIVERS CONCENTRATIONNAIRE

A World Apart. By DAVID ROUSSET. *Secker & Warburg.* 9*s.* 6*d.*

Peter Moen's Diary. *Faber.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Our age is one of impingement. The newspapers impinge on literature, the half-educated on the educated; and the oppressed have voices which reach the ears of the sensitive and cultivated. The slavery on which the pyramids and Athens were built was a pedestal of unspeaking stone. Concentration camps and atom bombs are products of our civilisation. They have corridors through which scientists, writers and artists pass to be destroyed together with the political victims and the criminals. The whole of our civilisation has been involved in this Hell.

This is what the French title of David Rousset's book, *L'Univers Concentrationnaire* (untranslatable, so rendered by Roger Senhouse, in his excellent version, *A World Apart*), conveys. The technique of the inventors of concentration camps was to set communities spinning like machines of perpetual motion, vicious circles of hatred and misery, in which the enmity between classes and different nationalities, the corruption of those who were raised by privilege slightly

LOST ILLUSIONS

Honoré de Balzac

"Post-war publishing has little better to show than Kathleen Raine's new translation".

So said *The Listener* of this magnificent new edition of the complete trilogy, confirming the opinion of many other critics. Walter Allen recently devoted his Home Service book talk to this book; other prominent reviewers have included Cyril Connolly, V. S. Pritchett and J. M. Cohen. With Philippe Jullian's 29 illustrations this is certainly one of the year's outstanding publications and a fine Christmas gift. 25s.

THE TELEGRAPH

Stendhal

Book II of Stendhal's great novel, *Lucien Leuwen*, translated by H. L. R. Edwards. It is published separately at 12s. 6d. or together with Book I, *The Green Huntsman*, in a handsome box at 23s. Both books have been RECOMMENDED BY THE BOOK SOCIETY.

THE SUMMER DANCE

J. C. Hall

A collection by one of the most striking of the new poets. J. C. Hall's work has appeared in *The Listener*, *Penguin New Writing*, *Poetry London*, and many other leading magazines and anthologies. "A mature and promising talent . . . this book should be bought."
Time & Tide. 8s. 6d.

JOHN LEHMANN

The perfect bedside book for Christmas 1951 will be

A LA CARTE

by L. E. Jones

Here, at last, are collected, in a volume delightfully decorated by JOHN BANTING the ehtries, prize winning and otherwise, which over the past years 'L.E.J.' has submitted for the New Statesman Competitions. Pastiche and parody, epitaph and epigram, clerihew and limerick, all are here for our delight and in addition a selection of verses never before published.

Just out. **12s. 6d.**

H. C. Branner

THE RIDING MASTER

"Mr. Branner, one of Denmark's finest writers, keeps a firm grip on the forces with which his characters wrestle. His prose and simple style is both realistic and imaginative."
—Manchester Guardian.

Book Society Recommend **9s. 6d.**

SECKER & WARBURG

ERIC LINKLATER

adds to the literary map of Britain a new parish that his readers will explore with laughter and remember with gratitude: it is the Highland village of Laxdale, scene of his latest novel

Laxdale Hall

✱ 12s. 6d.

other new novels

HERMAN WOUK

THE 'Caine' MUTINY

The second impression of this superb sea story of the U.S. Navy is rapidly dwindling: the third is printing. 'It is entertaining without extravagance, exciting without false heroics, and realistic without conscientious obscenity.' *Sunday Times* 15s.

GRACE ALLEN

The End of Summer

'A better novel technically has not come my way this year . . . really first class.' *Star* 12s. 6d.

MARY CRAWFORD

Laugh or Cry

'A very civilised novel. The writing is subtle, restrained and economical; the characters spring to life at a touch.' *Sunday Times.* 12s. 6d.

GLENDA SPOONER

The Perfect Pest

'A good story, well told, by one who really knows ponies.' *Horse & Hound.* Illustrated. 10s. 6d.

MARY TREADGOLD

The Running Child

A small girl tries to regain the west-country paradise she knew as an evacuee. This story of her three-day flight is told with a delicacy which sacrifices nothing of suspense. 12s. 6d.

✱

WINIFRED SCOTT's
full and understanding biography of
Jefferson Hogg

'is the kind of book which cannot but enhance native scholarship.' *Scotsman* Illustrated. 18s.

BEVERLEY NICHOLS
goes Down the new Garden Path to
MERRY HALL
With drawings by William McLaren
15s net
JONATHAN CAPE

JUST PUBLISHED

MICHEL ANGELO DRAWINGS

By L. GOLDSCHEIDER

200 PAGES : 200 ILLUSTRATIONS

42s

THIS is the only book available that gives a full survey of Michelangelo's work as a draughtsman during his seventy years of activity in Florence and Rome.
With an introductory essay, an extensive catalogue, and an excursus on technique.

PHAIDON PRESS
1 CROMWELL PLACE
LONDON · SW·7

Christmas Books 1951

A 24 page annotated guide for those buying books at Christmas. It includes:—

BEST BOOKS OF 1951
LATEST PUBLICATIONS
GIFT BOOKS
CHILDREN'S BOOKS

CALL OR WRITE FOR A COPY

THE TIMES
BOOKSHOP
WIGMORE STREET
W.1 *WELbeck 3281*

above the level of brutality and starvation, and the mixing of criminals with political martyrs, made the prisoners their own governors, murderers and policemen. Each concentration camp was a separate hell governed by its own laws, invented by demonic scientists and perverted psychologists. The S.S. leaders were only guardian demons set on the outskirts of these appalling encampments, whose inhabitants could be relied on to destroy each other, and where all human values were systematically reduced to automatic degradation.

That concentration camps still exist—though called by other names—is sufficient reason for it to be a duty of every responsible person to read these books. Even if they did not exist, the fact that the world is becoming an armed camp governed by power politics makes it our duty to know about these machines which may be a by-product of rearming not only Germany but everywhere else. Rousset's book is short and concentrated and provides the minimum of which everyone should know. The gas chambers, the terrible beatings, the starvation and cannibalism, in the midst of the brilliant Twentieth Century, are not so much the result of the cruelty of certain peoples, as of the intensification of certain obsessive ideas. When blind faith in the doctrine of political necessity (for whatever end), is combined with lack of respect for the rights of individuals, contempt for all opponents, and a need to punish scapegoats, you get the conditions in which part of humanity regards the rest as outcasts, and therefore this wailing and gnashing of teeth become possible. It is naive to suppose that a great many sadistic guards are necessary. A few will do. Start a system which degrades human beings, and you have a self-propelling machinery of deeper and deeper degradation.

Where Rousset is very fine is in refusing even amidst his terrible experiences to accept the idea that the Germans are worse than other people. This rejection of an anti-German myth enables him to understand the lessons of the camps better than anyone else has done. He has used his liberty not only to draw this lesson, but to become a leader of a movement against concentration camps and the conditions which still produce them. It is ironic that those who now try to silence his protests are the Communists, those who accept the doctrine of Necessity.

A World Apart has several claims to be considered a work of art, comparable, say, with Dostoevsky's *Letters from the Underworld*. Its seemingly careless and improvised construction is surely the best form for such a concentrated impressionistic work. Rousset is a highly literate observer of his material, and that so much of what he describes makes Kafka appear a painfully literal interpreter of our times, is not an effect of which he is unconscious. This scarifying book has a vitality, a tough humour and a humanity which gives it astonishing warmth and even a kind of healthiness amidst its setting of decay. Above all, it is a hymn to the courage, affection and intelligence which somehow survived the worst horrors. It is a book in which the reader first loses and then rediscovers the identity of man. Writing immediately after his release, Rousset concludes:

> It is still far too soon to sum up the positive balance sheet of concentration camp experience, but even now, it promises to be a rich one. A dynamic awareness of the strength and beauty of being alive . . .

It is too early also to sum up the balance sheet of a book dealing with such overwhelming material; but it may well be one of the lesser masterpieces of our century.

Peter Moen's Diary is also far more than reportage. It has an extraordinary history. Peter Moen was a Norwegian patriot made responsible by the underground for illegal documents. Arrested by the Germans, he broke down under torture, and gave his friends away. He was then sent to solitary confinement. In his cell he wrote a day-to-day diary, by pricking out words with a tack upon pieces of toilet paper, which he pushed under the floor of his cell through a grating. Later, the ship in which he was being transported to Germany struck a mine, and Peter Moen was among the drowned. Of the few survivors, one had been told by him of the hiding place of his papers. After the liberation, a search was instituted, the diary found, and, with much difficulty, transcribed.

The diary reveals the thoughts of a man with a clear mind and a gift for terse exposition, tormented by remorse at having betrayed his friends. His constant fear of death, and the experience of solitary confinement, seem little besides the burden of self-accusation. His remaining thoughts are restricted to his wife, to a debate about religion which he carries on with himself, and to his sole relaxation, which is the working out of mathematical problems.

Peter Moen is much more self-absorbed than David Rousset. Yet their books have this in common; both are extremely lucid studies of human behaviour in extreme situations unembellished by literature or drama. For Rousset in extreme circumstances "the mainspring of idealism had snapped and the bubble of mystification had burst . . . and the true material relations which determine human behaviour were revealed." For Moen, on the contrary, his most extreme thoughts were about the existence of God. The nearer he was to death the more he doubted his atheism. Let out of solitary confinement, his lack of belief reasserted itself, and he was again a rationalist.

Are we more real on our death-beds than when surrounded by the illusions which we purchase with our first scrap of vitality? Rimbaud, who deliberately pursued the disillusionment to be found within happiness, would have answered that in extreme discomfort lies the understanding of our own reality. Here are the books of two highly intelligent men who have been forced to experience the visionary realisations of Rimbaud and Kafka. And at the bottom of their pits, they refute what is a great evil of our time, a kind of facile despair at other people's expense: that despair which tells us that everyone in Nazi Germany or to-day behind the Iron Curtain, is a lost cause. They prove that in solitary confinement, and in concentration camps, individuals remain human; and their humanity values freedom above everything.

STEPHEN SPENDER

NEW NOVELS

Dead Men Rising. By SEAFORTH MACKENZIE. *Cape.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Caine Mutiny. By HERMAN WOUK. *Cape.* 15*s.*

Jezebel's Dust. By FRED URQUHART. *Methuen.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The End of the Summer. By GRACE ALLEN. *Cape.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The Second Face. By MARCEL AYMÉ. *Bodley Head.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

War novels, which were apparently poison at the libraries during 1947-50, have now again inserted themselves in publishers' lists. *The Caine Mutiny* has, in fact, gone further and inserted itself on a dizzy pinnacle on the American best-seller list. As a good yarn—and it is a very good one—it deserves this success, but in a review which is headed "New Novels" and not, say, "Current Fiction," *Dead Men Rising* claims prior attention.

As a sub-class of war books, escape stories rank high. Both world wars have produced classics. The subject, with its suspense and its climax ready made, is of course a tempting one, but in any case it seems that good escapers make good writers—a theme that would perhaps bear developing. Mr. Mackenzie, displaying a novelist's basic talent, has kept the advantages of the main theme while finding a new treatment of it. To put it briefly, his characters are on the other side of the wire. The publisher's announcement indicates that there was in fact an abortive mass-escape of Japanese prisoners in New South Wales at a late stage of the war, and it is this incident—kept quiet at the time for good reasons—that Mr. Mackenzie uses as his foundation. The guards at Shotley P.O.W. Camp are a mixed bunch of men not fit for overseas service, mostly either young and disabled or else old soldiers. In dealing with them Mr. Mackenzie plays two more strong cards from a good hand of talents. In the first place he has a true ear for the spoken phrase. There is a kind of excellence that comes across even to the ignorant, and one does not need an extensive knowledge of Australian speech to know that Mr. Mackenzie's dialogue has the same purity as Mr. Urquhart's Edinburgh. Secondly, and more important, Mr. Mackenzie has a feeling for character which is at once delicate and strong; he handles people as one has seen tough Civil Defence men easing a wounded man out of the wreckage. When all this is added to the inevitable manner in which the plot moves towards its climax the result is more than a mere entertainment. It would be more still if Mr. Mackenzie had not included a lyrical and passionate love-affair with which he is less successful than he is with his other relationships.

The Caine Mutiny is a long, skilfully written, modest, and occasionally gripping story about the American Navy in the last war. It is modest in making no claim to be anything more than a very competent piece of story-telling, although in fact the characters are drawn with considerable power as well as a fine certainty of line. There is a hero, conventional enough to be recognizable as a type, subtle and uncommon enough to be likeable; and there is a villain—unless, as suggested at the end, he is really the hero after all—the unstable, pathetic bully, Captain Queeg, U.S.N., of doubtful competence and doubtful courage. There are some fine pieces of excitement in *The Caine Mutiny*. The deposition of Captain Queeg by his second-in-command during a typhoon is one of them. But what is really

ROGER KEYES

Cecil Aspinall-Oglander

'Could hardly be bettered'
Times Lit. Sup.

'Enthrallingly told'
Yorkshire Post

'Deserves a multitude of readers'
Glasgow Herald

496 pp. Illustrated. 25s.

NOVELETTE

WITH OTHER STORIES

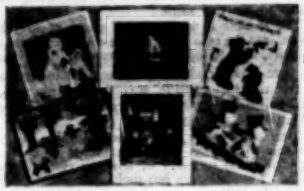
A. L. Barker

Author of 'Innocents'

'Absorbing' C. P. Snow.
Sunday Times.

240 pp. 12s. 6d.

THE HOGARTH PRESS



MEDICI CARDS & CALENDARS

a pleasure to buy
and
a pleasure to get!

Ask your retailer to show you his selection of these cards, also his Hilb and Fleur de Lys cards, which should also delight you, or visit the Medici Galleries.

To shop by post write for catalogue to The Medici Society Ltd., Box B, Mail Order Department, 34-42, Pentonville Road, London, N.1

THE MEDICI GALLERIES
7, Grafton Street, London, W.1
26, Thurloe Street, S. Kensington, S.W.7
and 63, Bold Street, Liverpool.

BEHIND THE GALLUP POLL

ON SALE NOW

An entirely new publication dealing comprehensively with the News Chronicle Gallup Poll.

The last three general elections have proved the News Chronicle Gallup Poll to be remarkably accurate. How has this been achieved? What purpose does the Poll serve? How is it organised? This booklet by Dr. Henry Durant gives in detail the answers to these questions together with

UNPUBLISHED FINDINGS ABOUT THE VOTING AT THE GENERAL ELECTION.

GALLUP POLLS are taken on all important issues and the results are published exclusively in the NEWS CHRONICLE

Price 1/- obtainable from bookshops and newsagents or News Chronicle Publications Dept., 12-22 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

UP-TO-DATE READING AT MODERATE COST

Membership of W. H. Smith's library entitles you to unlimited exchanges at any of our 520 branches and there is a service to suit you. Join today and start enjoying a real lending library right away.

SERVICES AVAILABLE. PREFERENTIAL: Guarantees you priority. CLASS A: Gives you choice of ANY book on the shelves. CLASS B: Offers all but the latest books. PAY-AS-YOU-READ: For those who do not wish to take a period subscription. POSTAL: A delivered service for those people not conveniently near a branch

Subscriptions range from 4/- to £3. Ask the librarian at your local branch for full details or write to:

W. H. SMITH & SON
LIBRARY
SERVICES

BRIDGE HOUSE, LAMBETH
LONDON, S.E.1

a grand gift

BOOK TOKEN

and no mistake

You *can't* go wrong with Book Tokens for they give your friends the pleasure of choosing the very books they most want. Book Tokens are obtainable and exchangeable at all good bookshops.

send **Book Tokens**

3/6 5/- 7/6 10/6 12/6 21/- plus 4d for card

JAWAHARLAL

NEHRU

THE DISCOVERY OF INDIA

A NEW ILLUSTRATED EDITION

550 pp. 22 illus. 25/-

READY 4TH DECEMBER

MERIDIAN BOOKS LTD.
8 GARRICK STREET, W.C.2

The British Miniature

By Raymond Lister, R.M.S., F.R.S.A.

Here is the long awaited up-to-date handbook on the British miniature. It records the long and interesting development of the British miniature; traces the evolution through various technical and aesthetic phases; discusses the contributions of many famous miniaturists, and brings the reader up-to-date with a critical survey of the contemporary schools. Over 100 superbly reproduced illustrations form a representative collection of the best examples of British miniature from the eighth century to the present day.

11½ x 8½. 250 pages. Cloth bound. **35/-** net.

Parker St. - Kingsway - London, W.C.2.

A Pitman Book

THE ANNUAL

Penguin Book Exhibition

from Tuesday
20 November
to Saturday
8 December
at
13 Portman Square, W1
(behind Selfridge's)

Open daily
except Sunday
from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m.

ADMISSION FREE

outstanding is the cross-examination of Queeg and the psychiatrists in the subsequent court-martial. Cross-examination in court is of its nature dramatic and is often well done in fiction; in reality, keenness, and effect, Mr. Wouk's is the best thing of its kind I have ever read. The excellence of the rest of the book is a rather machine-made excellence, achieved with an eye to the best-seller list, on which it undoubtedly deserved its lengthy appearance.

It is stretching the term to call *Jezebel's Dust* a war book, but it is not stretching it very far. The book is a sequel to *The Ferret was Abraham's Daughter*, and deals with the same Edinburgh working-class and near working-class group, and especially the girls, the lively, bedizened, boy-hunting trollops whom Mr. Urquhart loves with a pure and holy love. His love is, happily, rewarded by the brilliant reality with which their high, shaky heels clack-clack through his pages. With the Poles, French, and other foreigners whom the war brought to Edinburgh, Mr. Urquhart is less successful, but he is an admirable writer, who shares with Mr. Mackenzie something which such a writer as Mr. Wouk hasn't got—a sense of what might be called the poetry as distinct from the prose of personality. What vitiates his work is sentimentality. Mr. Urquhart's sentimentality is the pure green of the kailyard, the traditional, corrupting, "Come-away-in-now" of Never-Never land. *Jezebel's Dust* has the makings of a tragi-comedy of war-time Britain; the strain of cosiness, and above all the cosy ending, reduce it to being something rather more like a comedy of low life.

The End of the Summer is a post-war, Anglo-American novel, belonging, perhaps, to a cadet branch of the James family. The basis of the plot is what might be described as an acceptable improbability, being an expedition to Boston by a middle-aged Englishwoman to see her dead husband's one-time mistress. Mary Mathews is a lady; she has a rather old-fashioned outlook; she is a modestly devout Anglican. Edna, the one-time mistress, is an advertising executive whose successful career is currently threatened by drink and unsatisfactory love affairs. Mary's object in making the journey is not very clear even to herself; she has simply a vague sense of mission. The situation is promising, however, and in a novel as purely feminine as, say, *The Caine Mutiny* is purely masculine, Miss Allen proceeds to achieve effects of understanding and lucidity which in their cool and gentle way are attractive.

Whether you like *The Second Face* or not depends largely upon whether, while reading it, you can suspend your disbelief in a man's face changing from unattractive middle-age to handsome youth. If you can manage this, there is a lot of entertainment to be had out of Raoul Cerusier's attempt to seduce his own wife and supplant himself in his own business. M. Aymé's warmth of feeling, his humour (a touch of Anatole France) and his ingenuity will also then operate to full advantage. I did not myself manage the suspension; the change seemed too grossly a device, too flatly incredible for the purposes of the book in which it was used, and the whole effect then seemed a little forced and a little faded.

J. D. SCOTT

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS 1951

What will it be?

Port or Sherry... French or Italian, Hock or Graves, Dry or Sweet, a bottle or a case?

better send...

WINE TOKENS

WINE TOKENS eliminate disappointment. Wine Tokens give your friends double pleasure—choosing and drinking (to your health) the wine that will be exactly to their taste.

Wine Tokens are sold and exchanged by most wine merchants and are available from 5/- upwards by 2/6 units.

SPONSORED BY THE FRIENDS OF WINE

3 VINTNERS' PLACE, LONDON, E.C.4.

F.O.W

THE SELF-MADE TRAVELLER

Beyond Euphrates. By FREYA STARK. *Murray.* 25s.

Freya Stark's first volume of autobiography left her poised to take off on her first Eastern travels. *Beyond Euphrates* picks up the story in Damascus in 1928, carries it on through her years there and in Baghdad, and the journeys to Northern Persia and Luristan; it ends in 1933, with the signing of the contract for *The Valleys of the Assassins*, and the award of the Back Grant of the Royal Geographical Society, which at once sealed her status as a traveller and made further travel possible. The same pattern is followed as in *Traveller's Prelude*: a chapter of narrative followed by letters written at the time; only now there are many more letters and the narrative is much shorter. Much of the book's charm is in this counterpoint of the immediate impression and the considered reflection, and in the pleasure of seeing a very fine craftsman at work, giving to the fleeting sensations recorded in a letter the durability and shapeliness of art.

Miss Stark has not described again the travels recorded in *The Valleys of the Assassins*, though she prints some letters written during the journeys; and *Beyond Euphrates* is less a book about travel than about the making of a traveller, about "the moments of choice, endlessly repeated" that precede action. To begin with, it was extremely difficult for Miss Stark to travel at all: no wonder that the early letters show her irritably aware of the shadow of that other woman who had preceded her in these parts. "I am just re-reading Gertrude Bell's *Syria* and comparing her route with ours," she writes after her first journey through the Jebel Druse:

> She however travelled with three baggage-mules, two tents and three servants, so I consider we were more adventurous. She also says that the water in the Jebel Druse is undrinkable by European standards, so I suppose our standard cannot be European: or perhaps an Italian education has hardened us.

The comparison must often have been made, and often been irritating. Here was Gertrude Bell, who had had everything made so easy for her—friend or relation of all the best people, carrying all the right introductions, and with a rich and understanding father who could be telegraphed to for £400 to back up her enterprise. Here was herself, Freya Stark, with wretched health, a pittance of an income, and parents who, from the point of view of distant travel, were distinct liabilities. Her mother's life had to be tidied up financially—a tremendous task—before Miss Stark could begin to think of travel: and money had to be put aside for visits to her father in British Columbia. Her main assets as a traveller were all within her—a passion for Arabic, for wild country, for the varieties of human nature—and they were not at all such as to recommend her to the British community in Baghdad where she arrived in 1929, two years after Gertrude Bell had died there. How, starting from this point, she achieved her first big journeys, provides the drama of this book: its comedy is to be found in the changing attitude of her fellow-countrymen towards her.

It was all too like *A Passage to India*, as she kept ruefully explaining in letters from Baghdad. Her real crime was to be unclassifiable—an awkward thing to be in a community as close-knit as the British were in the last days of the mandate. Here she came, from heaven knew where, and proceeded to bounce across all the carefully erected boundaries—lodging at a cobbler's by the Tigris instead of in the British suburb, joining the twelve-year-old class at the High School to improve her Arabic, going off to visit bedouin sheiks. And, what was worse, inspiring other women to do the same:

> The trouble is that a sort of gleam of adventure comes into the eyes of the nicest wives here, and that of course adds to my unpopularity with the husbands. I am sure Miss Stark enjoyed the husband-baiting, but the official attitude was depressing and, at times, painful; she hadn't even the consolation of wanting to be a rebel—
>
> After all I have really done nothing, beyond wishing to talk as much Arabic as I can, and regretting that we can't be less superior and more polite. I am not even pro-native, certainly as much of an imperialist as any of the people here.

Nor was she consciously a Bohemian: half her eccentricities, like lodging at the cobbler's, or travelling by lorry from Baghdad to Amman, were dictated by the need for cheapness, and she preferred her life to follow a decorous order: "I think it is a good thing to turn as much of the machinery of living as possible into a routine, to preserve energy for other things."

And in the end the official world made almost too handsome amends. Emerging from her weeks in the Valleys of the Assassins, she was promptly made welcome at our Legation in Persia:

> From then on I never again had to suffer among my own people from a want of sympathy, encouragement or kindness in my venture; and in fact I soon realised that a woman gets far more than her legitimate share of praise, merely because of her comparative rarity in the explorer's world.

What keeps the reader's interest constantly at stretch in these letters is the sense of life happening now—awkward, painful, various, absurd and delightful—not life past, tidied and taped. Miss Stark isn't in the least frightened of giving herself away: here, I am sure, she scores her great advantage over Gertrude Bell as a writer. We see her in love, and unhappy; extremely ill and alone, and not unhappy; bored to tears with a Swiss professor at Petra; maddened by the ponderous man with whom (for cheapness and convenience) she once motored into Persia. Acute depression—about work, about age ("no one any longer makes love to me except when they are drunk"), about her whole position ("I am lonely and feel worn out with the strain of being considered a phenomenon all the time") is followed by a sudden flow of happiness when an old legend about a castle and a hidden garden is discovered, on the spot, to be true: "I got so excited I felt my fingers *trembling*." Miss Stark was very good at the business of travelling—she filled in blanks on the map, she brought back information that was purveyed in the journals of learned societies. But the moments that counted were those moments of intense awareness: they, no less than ruins, bronzes or watersheds, were this particular traveller's goal.

JANET ADAM SMITH

THE CONQUERING ECONOMIST

The Works and Correspondence of David Ricardo. Edited by PIERO SRAFFA. *Cambridge University Press.* Vols. I-IV. 24s. each.

Ricardo gave economics the prestige of a science. It was he who in the nineteenth century, convinced the educated classes that it was a sure key to the solution of social problems. Before Ricardo economics had been written in a descriptive and a discursive way. What he did was to abstract, isolate and analyse: The word "suppose" is littered throughout his writings and is characteristic of his way of thought. It is an approach that economists have used ever since, because it is the only one that permits the clear analysis of economic relationships which are infinite in variety. With Ricardo's tools, now perfected and refined, economists have made their subject the only coherent social science. But economic relationships do not exist in a vacuum: they have a moral, social, political and historical context. If the economist must abstract from this context to work out his theories, those who apply them cannot afford to forget how much has been left out. What the economist serves up is a

simplified and logical analysis of a certain aspect of social relationships, but it is not the whole story.

The nineteenth century acted as though Ricardo's economics were the whole story. This was unfortunate because Ricardo had the type of mind that reasons from rigid and narrow premises to universal conclusions: from the immediate circumstances of his time for all eternity. And his followers and interpreters—the City men and statesmen—did not remember the context which he had deliberately left out. Had they done so they might have been able to check and modify his dogmatism. But they did not, and the result was that even when Ricardo was right on his own assumptions, what he said was often referred inappropriately to current circumstances. Since he was often wrong, even on his own ground, he could lead those who believed him very far astray indeed. And his conquest of early nineteenth-century thinking was so complete that his teachings could and did have very harmful effects. It was largely because of Ricardo that the governing classes prated political economy: that the Benthamites were so convincing. And by a curious twist of history, he provided Marx with the greater part of his economic armoury.

The results were devastating. One of the points on which Ricardo was wrong, but on which he would never yield, was his conviction that total demand could never fall short of total supply—that there could not be general unemployment arising out of a deficiency in the public power to consume. Mr. Sraffa's second volume—Ricardo's notes on Malthus's *Principles of Political Economy*—brings out a most exciting intellectual conflict between them over this matter. Malthus held that demand could be deficient: Ricardo opposed and Ricardo won. Keynes wrote of his victory over Malthus in the battle for the leadership of English economic thinking: "Ricardo conquered England as completely as the Inquisition conquered Spain. Not only was his theory accepted by the City, by statesmen and by the economic world. But controversy ceased." When in the 1930s demand did become generally and permanently deficient, economists were unable to put forward an appropriate remedy, because, following Ricardo, they refused to admit the possibility that the circumstances which caused unemployment could, in fact, exist.

Another element in the economic thought of his time which Ricardo took up with his customary dogmatism was the labour theory of value—the theory that labour was "the foundation of the exchangeable value of all things." With the aid of some further Ricardian apparatus it was a short step for Marx to evolve his apparently scientific proof that labour was exploited—because it did not receive payment for the full value which it had created. In the history of the alarming effects of early economic doctrines, which were either too abstractly formulated or too dogmatically presented, the influence of Ricardo upon Marx should not be omitted.

The text has been edited with the most meticulous scholarship. Many people may feel that Mr. Sraffa, who is himself a considerable economist, has expended too much time and trouble on the accurate rendering of old and mistaken doctrines. Yet the knowledge that scholarship has been devoted to the text excites the more courteous attention of the reader. These volumes seem to "bring out" Ricardo better than would a meaner edition. The large print enables one to distinguish in the text of Ricardo's *Principles* the many quotations from Adam Smith and to appreciate more fully the extent to which it is a commentary on Smith. The spacious page of this edition also enables Mr. Sraffa to print Ricardo's *Notes on Malthus* side by side with the text of Malthus's *Principles of Political Economy*. This technique is used with great clarity in the third and fourth volumes wherever Ricardo has commented on the works of others. The third and fourth volumes contain pamphlets, essays and letters to the press. They make better reading than Ricardo's more formal works and they serve to illustrate a view put forward by Professor Stigler that the classical economists were at their best when they dealt with current problems. When Ricardo turned his attention to the price of bullion or to the sinister activities of the Bank of England (whose nationalisation he advocated) his tendency to pursue eternal truths was disciplined by the facts. His own experience of finance—he was a successful stockbroker—was another check. These polemical writings show a very clear grasp of some of the causes of inflation and also of the relation between internal and external monetary affairs. But, as is shown by his controversies with Malthus and with Blake, he was blind to the concept of general fluctuations in the level of employment and national income. It cannot be said that Ricardo stands up to the test of time as an economic theorist, but the spectacle of a powerful and honest mind dealing with problems not dissimilar to our own, grips the attention.

RICHARD WINTER

SHAKESPEARE'S WORLD

Shakespeare and Elizabethan Poetry. By M. C. BRADBROOK. *Chatto & Windus.* 16s.

It is an index of the mounting relativism of our time that Ideas of History have been largely superseded by Histories of Ideas. Correspondingly, students of literature concern themselves less with evaluation in terms of supposedly permanent critical standards than with explanation in terms of some climate of opinion conceived as radically conditioning what is important in the individual work of art. It has become almost naive, for instance, to consider how great the tragedies of Shakespeare *are*, or what sort of a dramatic character Hamlet *is*. For inquiry here is increasingly the province of learned persons, whose business is determining how, in the era of Elizabeth and James, these tragedies *came to be*; and what, century by century and lustre by lustre, that dramatic character *was*. Background has become more and more important, and in many recent books on Shakespeare the intrinsic quality of what he has left us may be felt as receiving very little fresh consideration. There are even impressive works, plainly the deliverance of capacious and philosophic minds, the purely critical portions of which are redolent of old lecture-notes, piously taken down at the feet of Dowden or Bradley or Raleigh. To search for Shakespeare himself against all the background now provided for him is to be reminded of some Poussin—such as the *St. John in Patmos*—taking its title from a single diminished figure every line of which is in fact determined by the demands of the vast composition so tremendously disposed behind it.

Viewed against *this* background, Miss Bradbrook's book is an excellent one. In a modest and cogent preface she declares that it has been her endeavour "to pull the question together"; to abstract, that is to say, from the various specialised fields of modern research what is genuinely relevant to the aesthetic study of Shakespeare. In this "old-fashioned Victorian attempt to give a comprehensive account of a great subject" she succeeds through the exercise of several unobtrusive virtues. She is, for example, consistently content to deploy just so much learning as is necessary for the operation in hand. Thus when she traces the interrelations of the medieval, or allegorical and hierarchical, view of nature regnant in Shakespeare's childhood, the Platonic view which percolated from Ficino and Pico to the circle of Sir Philip Sidney, and the Lucretian view which was to tinge the Platonism alike of Spenser and Bruno, her exposition is conducted with a lucid economy which may be apparent only to the specialist, but which will have the effect of bringing most readers with enhanced rather than exhausted interest to a consideration of the significance of this complex of beliefs and feelings for the art of the dramatist.

Again, Miss Bradbrook is tentative and tolerant without ever being dismally "objective"; and she has considerable skill in letting theorists in one or another compartment of Shakespeare studies expose both their strength and weakness in brief citation. Level and perceptive, her book has no striking thesis to advance, and it cannot profitably be summarised in brief space. It can only be commended for its learning and balance, and above all for a quickness of life uncommon in works of the kind, and referable to its constant sense that "Shakespeare's World" means not only forces creating Shakespeare but also forces that Shakespeare created—and that can still, by some mysterious conservation of energy, move and form and re-create us to-day. Unfortunately Miss Bradbrook has kept substantially within the bounds prescribed by her title. It is to be hoped that she will make *Shakespeare and Jacobean Poetry* the subject of a later study.

J. I. M. STEWART

SHORTER REVIEWS

Homage to Picasso. *Lund Humphries.* 35s.

This very well produced and, in fact, reasonably priced book is a sort of de luxe catalogue of the current exhibition of Picasso's drawings and watercolours (dating from 1893 to 1951) at the I.C.A. Gallery. All 77 works are reproduced and three of them are in colour. There is also an unembarrassing introduction (rare in an Homage) by Roland Penrose, a poem by Eluard, and several recent photographs of Picasso which emphasise his continued and amazing physical vitality. It will serve as a stimulating reminder for those who have seen the exhibition and as a good second-best substitute for those who have not been able to do so. The importance of this particular collection of drawings is that it over-rides the cerebral theories poker-worked round Picasso's work by tidy-minded critics. Looking through these drawings one realises that Picasso is a great romantic artist; that his many styles are the result of this romanticism and that, far from breaking up his development, they continually contribute to it. One also realises that many so called critical explanations of his work have confused the issue; what Picasso says in his work (as

opposed to the new and illuminating ways in which he says it) is traditional and simple. He enjoys beautiful women; he is aware of the old juxtaposition in man of violence and vulnerability; he has a humorous eye for the absurd; above all, he admires vitality—the power of marrying the unexpected. Penrose quotes Picasso as saying, "Paintings are made in the same way that princes make their children: with shepherdesses." To those who recognise Picasso's genius this book can be recommended as a source of pleasure and excitement; to those who are confused by him, as the most effective explanation. Only one thing is necessary a lack of preconceived ideas.

The Moods of London. By R. J. CRUIKSHANK. *Hamish Hamilton.* 10s. 6d.

This is the latest of the many books written and published this year on London. Mr. Cruikshank has divided his book into seven chapters or "Moods," a device which might have seemed clumsy if the prose did not carry the reader through easily from chapter to chapter without perceptibly jolting over the division between one Mood and the next. Perhaps the chief value of the book is that it rekindles a desire to explore London: Pickering Place off St. James's, Queen Anne's Gate, the Sanctuary at Westminster, Goodwin's Court off St. Martin's Lane—it is difficult to suppress the feeling of guilt at having either never visited, or scarcely noticed *all* these treasures. It may not have occurred to the casual admirer of London that the Mansion House is "a combination of a home, a civic centre, a banqueting hall, and a police court, with cells for the drunk and disorderly." It is, perhaps, less culpable not to know that Battersea's climate is the mildest in London, or that South, not North London, is the place to rear healthy babies. Mr. Cruikshank is adept at presenting the pleasanter side of London, and if one is tempted to feel that the fashionable idolatry of the largest, worst-planned and, in many ways, most wearing city ever to be constructed is slightly to be deprecated, then this book will bring one, at least for a time, to a happier frame of mind. Mr. Robin Ironside's illustrations fittingly decorate each Mood with a subdued charm.

Company Meeting

THE GREAT UNIVERSAL STORES LTD.

ANOTHER RECORD YEAR

The Thirty-third Ordinary General Meeting of The Great Universal Stores, Ltd., was held on Monday, November 12, in London, Mr. Isaac Wolfson, chairman and managing director, presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement for the year ended March 31, 1951:

The year under review has again been a record one. Aggregate sales of the group increased by 29 per cent. in relation to the previous year.

Your group now controls 815 channels of home retail distribution, marketing its goods by means of mail order, salesmen, and through the medium of a large number of shops and depots operating under various trade names. The Canadian division of some 90 furniture stores or depots showed an increase of 6 per cent. in sales and the South African division operating 25 furniture and clothing stores increased its sales by 24 per cent.

The consolidated trading profit is £8,161,150, as compared with £5,896,913 for the previous year, an increase of £2,264,237.

To the above-mentioned trading profit must be added £57,311 in respect of dividends from trade investments and sundry items receivable, making a total revenue of £8,218,461. From this has been deducted £658,483 for depreciation, £44,782 for auditors' remuneration of the group, £445,683 for interest paid, and £261,503 for the proportion of profits relating to outside shareholders of subsidiary companies. This leaves a balance of £6,808,010, from which taxation takes the substantial sum of £4,489,415, leaving a net distributable revenue of £2,318,595.

Total current assets at £47,063,524 represent an increase of £8,833,791 in relation to last year, whereas total current liabilities have only increased by £5,604,984.

The Report and Accounts were unanimously adopted and a dividend of 40 per cent. per annum less tax, amounting to £284,631 was declared upon the Ordinary Stock of the Company. Net earnings are greatly in excess of this figure and the resultant surplus for the year of £1,898,220 has been used to augment the reserves of the group.

A La Carte. By L. E. JONES. *Secker & Warburg.* 12s. 6d.

Mr. L. E. Jones may not be instantly known to readers; reduce him to his initials, and he stands revealed as one of the most redoubtable among those who have "entered" on our Competition page. How often have the trumpets sounded for that entry into the lists? How often also (but this only the awful judges could disclose) has the climate changed to that of the unsuccessful exam. room? Between triumph and failure there was probably, in his case, never a very great gap. "L.E.J." could tackle almost anything, and tackle it with elegance. One week (as we can see from his book) he might be faced with Last Words, or Early Memories; the next might require Clerihews; the next a version of Corneille, Spoonerisms or a *Times* obituary notice of Satan. The skill and agility of pen, without which no competitor can become regular, may surprise as well as delight those who hurry their way greedily through *A La Carte.* (The title, by the way, has its artfulness, suggesting that we shall then go back to choose.) "L.E.J." divides his variety into Pastiche (covering four centuries and including parody), Epitaphs, Verses (the longest section), Epigrams, Translations, Clerihews and Limericks, Letters, and Bits and Pieces. He is a wit: he is a scholar, as the limerick called "Greek Philosophy" reveals no less than the Alcaics, and versions of French poets. And in the substantial middle section, containing verses bespoken and unbespoken, he puts forward his claim as a serious slight poet in the tradition of Clough and Calverley. Such a talent receives to-day little enough encouragement—outside the week-enders' page that follows.

The Knot of Vipers. By FRANÇOIS MAURIAC. *Eyre & Spottiswoode.* 11s. 6d.

With this, the seventh to be published in the collected English edition of M. Mauriac's novels, the reaction, we have noticed elsewhere, has begun to set in. Acclaimed as the first novelist of his time when the edition was launched, M. Mauriac is now coming in for that swing of opinion which is a prophesiable feature of the English literary scene. Quite why *The Knot of Vipers* should be the novel on which the stand has been taken is a little hard to fathom: except perhaps that it is a novel of sudden conversion and sudden conversion is, it is true, a phenomenon against which we Protestants shut the ears of our belief. But leaving the end aside, the novel is as compelling and absorbing as any of its predecessors. It might be thought impossible nowadays for any novelist, even a French one, to tackle so stock a figure as the Miser; but so passionately does this master feel and see his characters, with so certain a sense of their aliveness and such a profound understanding of the springs of motive, that the feat is brought off triumphantly. The miser of this novel is so startingly alive that once you have begun his story you cannot put it down, and, further, to one Protestant at least, the sudden abandonment of his ruling passion seems not merely convincing but, as one looks back on it, inevitable; and that sense of restrospective inevitability is one of the tests of a masterpiece. It is true that the landscape and climate and properties of the Mauriac world alter little—his novels are at their least good indeed when they alter most—but this is true of many masters. The damp, draughty country houses, the bedside table with its syringes and phials, the hot sun on the vines, the trams rattling out of Bordeaux induce in us the receptive mood for the Mauriac truth as characteristically as the heavy furniture and the pastor's footsteps lead us on to Ibsen's. Who in their senses would want either different?

Foyer. No. 1, Autumn, 1951. *Staples Press.* 7s. 6d.

An expensive quarterly it is indeed, with a wallpaper cover and nearly 60 pages of text and illustration, that costs 7s. 6d. Designed to become "a paper that opera- and concert-goers, and ballet lovers alike, find useful and necessary to them," it aims, seemingly, at an audience of normally cultured but not erudite people. In one corner of this foyer a knot of critics is still holding post-mortem on *Tiresias* (James Monahan has the sanest views); in another Sacheverell Sitwell is prettily telling how nice Bach sounded when played by Mrs. Gordon Woodhouse on Thomas Goff's clavichords. Mr. Sitwell has also an interesting letter from Lady Juliet Duff about Nijinski, which ends: "How fortunate we are, you and I, to have seen him, for we shall most certainly never look upon his like again." Conventional accounts of *The Pilgrim's Progress*, Cranko's ballets, "profiles" of five Sadler's Wells dancers, are all mildly interesting. Italy has *La Scala*, and one would like to welcome *Foyer*, No. 1, as an English equivalent. But so far it's added nothing to the field already covered by *Opera* and *Ballet*. It isn't even nice to look at, for the typographical presentation is muddled and messy. "Amateur" is not necessarily a word of disapprobation, and all *Foyer's* articles are plainly written by lovers of the arts. But how refreshing amongst so much unvital stuff are Rawsthorne's professional analysis of Lambert's music and Kubelik's few trenchant comments on *Katya Kabanova*.

Samuel Crompton. By H. C. CAMERON. *Batchworth Press.* 15s.

Samuel Crompton was essentially one of the people for whom "character is fate." The spinning "mule," which he evolved in 1779 after five years of patient work in his attic at Hall-i'-th'-Wood, depended for some of its features on earlier inventions—the Spinning Jenny of James Hargreaves and Richard Arkwright's Water Frame—but it was a decisive contribution to the making of the modern cotton industry in that it practically perfected the process of spinning: little was left to be done by later inventors beyond applying power and making the mule completely automatic in its sequence of movements. Yet, unlike Arkwright, Crompton derived little personal benefit from his invention. As a man of business he was an arrant failure: worried to distraction by inquisitive manufacturers who sought to pry out the secrets of the mule, and unable to shoulder the cost of taking out a patent, he gave his invention to the industry in return for a promise (only partially fulfilled) of an *ex gratia* subscription by users, which yielded a bare sixty pounds. Eventually a grateful Parliament awarded him five thousand pounds as a reward for his contribution to the cotton industry, but the expenses of his Petition absorbed much of that sum, and by the time he received this official recognition he was an old and disillusioned man, embittered by Arkwright's prosperity and the knowledge that others had reaped fortunes from his own labours.

Drawing on family papers which were discovered in 1927 and presented to the Corporation of Bolton, Mr. Cameron has drawn a fascinating picture not merely of Crompton's own career but of the industrial background of his time in Lancashire. He is, perhaps, inclined a little to sentimentalise over his hero: there is, in fact, remarkably little evidence that Crompton disapproved of "capitalist" production and thought of his invention merely in terms of easing the lot of the craftsman-spinner. The truth is that Crompton was one of those inventors who were born to be exploited; and it was his refusal to follow Arkwright's example and go into partnership with "big business" that was responsible for his frustration and disappointments.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,134

Set by G. W. Stonier

We offer the usual prizes for a poem, of not more than eight lines, on a favourite smell. Entries by November 27th.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,131

Set by Gerald Giradot

Competitors are invited to compose an eight-line poem affecting indifference to the fact that the party they support has failed to win the election.

Report by Gerald Giradot

The target was small and a great many shots were fired and a great many magpies were scored. The few who failed to get even as close as this failed either from an excess of enthusiasm for their cause, or from defects of scansion:

I got my glasses two years ago
And last year—just on time—my dentures.

E. Dorenberg began at the extreme of cynicism;

but his rhythm was more shaky than his sentiments. I liked B. R. Cheesman :

Ill winds blow good you'll not deny ;
Far better then to be
Rejected than elected by
The vast minority.

And the end of G. J. Blundell :

And why repine if they are, in our stead
With the majority ? So are the dead.

Majority ? Minority ? Leslie Parris as a tired Liberal comments :

I think I am right in saying that we are defeated
But figures are always so hard to recall.

On the whole it is the Liberals who accepted defeat with the easiest grace, though Guy Innes's conclusion is nice for a partisan :

The steeds were swopped—the stream is still to cross
And when all's said and done, it ain't my hoss.

Allan M. Laing, Cat's Eye and E. W. Fordham were also on the short list. A guinea each to H. G. Taylor, Goodwill and Robert Gaffikin. Twelve shillings consolation prize to the others printed.

The writing on the wall was plain,
And he who Gallup'ed well might read,
As Nye with Clem had disagreed,
So " one last prize " would Winston gain.
Yet grieve I not for promised land ;
No Pisgah-peep allures from far.
The jig now turns to saraband ;
Ash will consume the bright cigar.

H. G. Taylor

In Britain 1951,
Mother of the fairly free,
Most voters wanted Tweedledum
But here we are with Tweedledee.

Whether it's dropped by East or West
That Atom Bomb means Kingdom-come ;
And who can say it shall not fall ?—
Not Tweedledee, not Tweedledum.

Goodwill

To gain my vote on polling day
I made one firm condition,
The candidate was pledged to stay
In constant opposition.
So should it hap some evil hour,
Or inauspicious minute,
His party chanced to come to power,
I'd change, and be again it.

Robert Gaffikin

The Ls have failed to pass their test.
Ah well, I knew they couldn't win.
Gone, Lady Megan with the best,
The Ls have failed to pass their test
But they will rise refreshed by rest
To help the six who *did* get in.
The Ls have failed to pass their test.
Ah well, I knew they couldn't win.

Pauline Phillips

Ring in the outs, ring out the ins,
The outs are in, the ins are out,
And that is all it was about—
Tails, Tadpole's lost ; heads, Taper wins.
Let out stay out, may in get in,
With prayers I prayed, with oaths I swore
In vain : yet all is as before—
Save a new lot to be agin.

Ucalegon

What if " the mixture as before "
Has not turned out correctly ?
An omelette, hash, réchauffé or
What ? If the mixture as before
We can't digest, 'tis but a bore
Still to eat circumspectly !
What if the mixture as before
Has *not* turned out correctly ?

Phyllis Vallance

The Tories have won,
And I don't feel it matters.
What's over is done ;
The Tories have won.
My toothache's begun,
And my nerves are in tatters.
The Tories have won,
And I don't feel it matters.

Leslie Johnson

Wivaht a daht our pals are aht,
An' Churchill's lot 'ave got in.
But as fer me, I'll let it be ;
I'm sick of all this rottin'.
I don't suppose, as 'ow things goes,
Us blokes won't work no faster,
For if we like we'll dam-well strike,
An' show the toffs we're master.

J. P. Hodge

Subscription Rates

Yearly, £2 5s. 0d. ; Six months, £1 2s. 6d. ; Three months, 11s. 6d. to any address in the world.

AIR MAIL

To any country in Europe, £3 8s. 0d. yearly (except Poland and Iceland, £3 13s. 0d.).
To other countries by special quotation.

AIR EXPRESS

Posted immediately on arrival at main airport.
Africa, West, £3 15s. South and East, £4.
India, Pakistan, £4 5s. Singapore, Malaya, £4 10s.
Hong Kong, £4 15s. Australia, £5 15s.
New Zealand, £6.
All AIR Subscriptions pro rata for six months.

NEW STATESMAN AND NATION

10, Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.
Holborn 8471

CANADA & U.S.A.

Residents in North America may remit for surface or Air Express subscriptions to :
BRITISH PUBLICATIONS Inc.
30, East 60th Street, N.Y.22, N.Y.
Surface, $7.50 yearly. Air Express, $17 yearly.
Both pro rata for six months.

POSTAGE *on this issue Inland*, 1½*d.*; *Foreign*, 1½*d.*; *Canada*, 1*d.*

CHESS : Nobility and Mobility

No. 111

I was deeply shocked when Critic, the other day, reported a conversation with a stranger who advocated that the knights be banished from the chessboard. Evidently the man was bitterly frustrated by the intricacies of a 2-Kt-mate exhibited in the Turnstile shop window. I trust that readers will not be equally exasperated by this problem showing two very lively knights in glorious triumph over quite a bevy of potential queens. But I should rather think that even those competitors who do not happen to know the famous old piece will consider it vastly over-rated with 4 ladder-points. Since that misequestrian window-gazer—if I be permitted to coin the fitting adjective—seemed to resent the mobility no less than the nobility of our proudest chessman, here is some pretty evidence of those very qualities. The position arose in a correspondence game played just over 30 years ago by G. Bernhardt (Black), the famous study-composer. White, by P-QKt3, drove the Knight to his K4, little knowing that this truly mobile noble in a few more mighty leaps would jump to the conquest of the undeveloped R. What happened was (2) Q-Q2, Kt-Kt5 ! (3) Q x Q, Kt x Q ch, followed by Kt-B7.

A : Sam Loyd, 1878

If any further proof were needed for the admirable mobility of the noble Knight, here is how Capablanca used it to save ½ point in what seemed a hopelessly lost position against Euwe.

(33)		P-K5 ch !	(42)	P x P	K x P
(34)	K-B4	Kt-Kt5	(43)	R-B7	Kt-Kt4
(35)	R-QKt5	Kt-Q6 ch	(44)	R x QRP	P-R4
(36)	K x P	Kt x BP ch	(45)	R-R3	Kt-B6 ch !
(37)	K-Q4	P-B4	(46)	K-B3	Kt-Kt8
(38)	R-Kt2	Kt-Kt5	(47)	K-Q2	P-KKt4
(39)	P-R3	Kt-B3	(48)	R-Kt3	P-R5
(40)	R-QB2	Kt-K5	(49)	R x P	Kt x P
(41)	P-Kt4	K-B3			and draws.

It is only fitting that in to-day's competition we should continue glorifying the mobility and nobility of the Kt. B—White to win—should be well worth 6 points. C is also a win for White, and while a Bishop appears to give a helping hand I may give this useful hint that the real hero of the piece is the Knight. Here, incidentally—quoted from an article by M. Botvinnik—is what Lenin wrote to his brother D. I. Ulyanov soon after this famous piece of the

B : Henri Rinck

C : V. & M. Platov, 1910

brothers Platov was first published : " . . . to-day I was confronted with a study which took me some time to solve, but I enjoyed tackling it." So should our competitors (to say nothing of 7 ladder-points). Usual prizes. Entries by November 26.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set October 27

A : (1) K-B2, K-B4. (2) K-Kt3, P-R7. (3) K-Kt2 ! K-Kt5. (4) K-R1 etc.
B : (1) P-B6, PxP. (2) P-Q6, PxP. (3) P-R4, PxP e.p. (4) PxP, K-B4. (5) P-R4, K-Q4. (6) P-R5, K-K3. (7) P-R6, K-B3. (8) P-B5 ! P-Kt4. (9) K-K2, P-Kt5. (10) K-Q3, P-Q4. (11) K-B2, P-Q5. (12) K-B1, P-B4. (13) K-B2, P-B5. (14) K-B1 and wins, as P-Kt6, P-B6 or P-Q6 will be answered by K-Kt2, K-B2, or K-Q2 respectively, getting the Black K into *zugzwang*.

These studies were far from easy, and many competitors dropped a few points on one or the other by missing some of the subtleties after spotting the key-move and the general idea. Even so, there are too many perfectly correct solutions to mention them all. Prizes shared by E. Allan, W. T. Maccall, P. J. Oakley, J. M. Reid.

Assiac

this way to Sunshine

Yours for the taking—a leisurely tour through France, calling at Paris, Dijon and Grenoble, and following the famous Route des Alpes to Nice. Wonderful scenery and easy travelling in the comfort of a specially heated motor-coach with observation windows and armchair comfort, plus 8 days' stay at Nice. *15 days' Holiday—£55 0s.* Departures weekly from January 12. Escorted throughout. Membership limited.

Write for a copy of "Winter Sunshine" to dept. U/WF2, Thos. Cook & Son Ltd., Berkeley Street, London, W.1 or branches.

COOKS

NOVEMBER Handicap—don't be handicapped for lack of a KING SIX Cigar (1/9d. each).

APPOINTMENTS VACANT

UNIVERSITY College of Swansea. Applications are invited for the post of Professor of Philosophy. Initial salary £1,700 per annum. Further particulars may be obtained from the Registrar, University College, Singleton Park, Swansea, by whom applications must be recvd. on/before Jan. 5, 1952.

MINISTRY of Food: Director of Public Relations. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for this pensionable post in London. Candidates must have experience of journalism and be familiar with economic and commercial problems. Salary £1,500-£2,000 men, £1,350-£1,850 women. Further particulars and application forms from the Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4094/51. Completed application forms must reach him by November 29, 1951.

STATISTICIANS in the Civil Service. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for five posts of Statistician (Main Grade). Candidates must be at least 28 years of age on November 1, 1951. They must have a University degree with first or second class Honours, or equivalent, in statistics, or in mathematics or economics or other appropriate main subject combined with statistics; or having obtained their degree in mathematics, economics or other appropriate subject, must have been employed whole-time thereafter for at least twelve months continuously on statistical work. They will be expected to have had wide statistical experience. Selection will be by interview. Salary scales £1,000-£1,375 (men); £880-£1,200 (women); but in appropriate cases a higher starting salary may be authorised. Prospects of promotion to £2,000. Superannuation provision under F.S.S.U. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 4093/51; completed application forms must reach him by Dec. 6, 1951.

STATISTICIANS in the Civil Service. The Civil Service Commissioners announce a special competition for fifteen posts of Assistant Statistician. Candidates must be at least 21 and under 28 years of age on November 1, 1951; extensions allowed for service on a regular or short-service engagement in H.M. Forces and up to two years for other Forces service. There will be a written examination in English, General Papers, Statistics, and either Economics or Mathematics on January 3, 4 and 5, 1952, followed by interview. No degree qualification is necessary, but the papers will be of First or Second Class Honours standard. Salary scales: £400—£750 (men); £400—£650 (women). Prospects of promotion to £1,375 and to £2,000. Superannuation provision under F.S.S.U. Particulars and application forms from Secretary, Civil Service Commission, Burlington Gardens, London, W.1, quoting No. 96/51; completed application forms must reach him by November 30, 1951.

TRINITY Hall, Cambridge. The College intends to appoint a Bursar who will be a Fellow and will receive a stipend of £1,000 together with certain privileges and allowances. His duties will include the care of the property of the College and its domestic arrangements. Candidates, who preferably should be not less than 35 and not more than 55 years of age and have academic qualifications or interests, are invited to write for further particulars of the post to: The Secretary to the Master of Trinity Hall, Trinity Hall, Cambridge. Applications should be received not later than Jan. 1, 1952. The office will be vacant 1952.

POSTS as Interchange Teachers Abroad. Applications are invited for posts as Interchange Teachers in schools in France, Germany, Austria, Denmark, the Netherlands, Norway and Sweden from teachers up to forty years of age, who have had good experience in English or Welsh secondary schools providing advanced work. Posts in France, Germany and Austria will be restricted to modern language specialists; posts in Denmark, the Netherlands, Norway and Sweden will not be so restricted. Interchange Teachers will be expected to teach English language and literature throughout the schools to which they are attached and their appointments will be for the whole school year 1952/53. Teachers appointed to schools in France, Germany, Austria, Denmark and the Netherlands will be paid salaries similar to those of qualified teachers of the same standing in the country in which they serve; teachers appointed to posts in Norway and Sweden will transfer their own salaries. In the case of appointments to Sweden, the Swedish authorities are offering a travelling grant amounting to 1,000 Crowns (approximately £70) to each teacher. Applications should be made as soon as possible. Closing date: December 7, 1951. Particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Secretary, Ministry of Education, External Relations Branch, Curzon St., London, W.1.

ESSEX Education Committee. County Camping Ground, "Stubbers," North Ockendon, near Upminster, Essex. Camp Warden required (man). Applicants should have had a good general education, and possess a thorough knowledge of canvas camping, estate management, and care of playing fields. Salary scale £400 by annual increments of £15 to £515 per annum. Commencing salary dependent upon previous experience. Further particulars and application form from the undersigned (stamped addressed foolscap envelope). B. E. Lawrence, Chief Education Officer, County Offices, Chelmsford.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

LONDON County Council. Day Special School Headships. Applications invited for Headships below: form TS10/Special (TS10C for candidates who have completed form since Jan., 1949, and have nothing to add): from Education Officer (TS10), The County Hall, S.E.1. Closing date Nov. 24. Cloudesley Secondary (M) School, Dowrey St., N.1. Headmaster or Mistress. School for 120 physically handicapped senior boys and girls aged 11-16, to be formed Jan., 1952, by amalgamation of present Cloudesley Sec. Boys' and Elthorne Sec. Girls', Burnham group, based on estimated unit total March, 1955, 4(S). Vacant Jan., 1952. Mayfields (JM & I) School, Harrow Rd., W.9. Headmaster or Mistress. Accommodation for 60 educationally subnormal boys and girls aged 5-11. March unit totals: 1950, 198; '51, 201; Burnham group 3(S). Vacant Easter, 1952. Boarding Special Schools Headteachers and Matron. Applications invited for joint appointments to boarding special schools and hostels below, on forms TS10 Coombe Hall or TS10/Buckshaw. Applicants for both complete one form and TS10C for second post. Forms and further particulars from Education Officer (TS10), The County Hall, S.E.1. Closing date Nov. 24. Buckshaw House, Holwell, nr. Sherborne, Dorset. Headteacher and Matron for 32 maladjusted girls and junior boys, some attend local schools. Headteacher—Burnham scale plus two increments plus appropriate headteacher's allowance (Group 2(S) based on estimated unit total for March, 1954); matron £230 × £15—£290 plus addition of at present 10%. Free board, lodging, laundry for both. Permanent posts advertised subject to approval of fixed staff; if not approved posts are temporary. Full particulars sent in notes with application forms. Residential accommodation at present one sitting and three bedrooms. Applications not limited to headmaster whose wife would be matron. Vacant now. Coombe Hall, East Grinstead, Sussex. Headmaster and Matron. For 35 maladjusted senior boys, some attend local schools. Now open for partial occupation. Salaries as for Buckshaw above (Group 2(S) based on estimated unit total for March, 1955). Free board, lodging, laundry for both. Accommodation limited; quarters for headmaster whose wife would be matron one bedroom, one sitting-room only. (1314.)

CENTRAL Office of Information invites applications for fee-paid translation work into French or Spanish. French or Spanish must be applicant's mother tongue; good general knowledge, wide vocabulary and ability to work accurately at high speed essential. Journalistic or literary experience desirable. Written applications giving date of birth and education, full details of qualifications and experience, sports held (including dates) should be addressed to Appointments Officer, Ministry of Labour and National Service, 1-6 Tavistock Sq., W.C.1, quoting reference number J.L.216, within 14 days of appearance of this advertisement. In no circumstances should original testimonials be forwarded. Only candidates selected for interview will be advised.

CITY of York Art Gallery. Exhibition Square, York. Appointment of Art Assistant. Applications are invited for the post of Art Assistant on the salary scale A.P.T. Grade II, Rung 1 (£470 × £15—£515). Applicants should have a good knowledge of the history of art and be able to assist in cataloguing a large collection; an ability to lecture is desirable. A university degree will be considered an advantage. The appointment is subject to the provision of the Local Government Superannuation Act, 1937, and the successful candidate will be required to pass a medical examination. Applications, with copies of three recent testimonials, should reach the Curator not later than November 23. Hans Hess, Curator.

SURREY County Council Education Committee. Guildford School of Art, Stoke Park, Guildford. A Senior Lecturer is required in the School of Photography to teach all aspects of Still Photography to advanced full-time students to Diploma and Post Diploma level. Wide professional experience is necessary, together with the ability to educate students appreciation of visual values. The post offers opportunity for initiative in teaching and for personal work. Salary: Men £1,000 × £25—£1,150; Women £800 × £20—£920 per annum. Application forms may be obtained from the Principal, to whom they must be returned within three weeks of the appearance of this advertisement.

EDUCATED women under 25 years of age are required for posts as Investigators in the Market Research Department of a large company of national importance. The minimum educational standard is Higher School Certificate and preference is given to University Graduates, especially in statistics, mathematics, economics, modern languages, and the social sciences. Good health and the ability to make contacts easily with all kinds of people are essential. Ability to drive a car is an advantage. On appointment investigators will undergo a training period of 3/4 months at the Company's Head Office in the North of England and are subsequently expected to reside in Birmingham or Manchester. They must be prepared to travel fairly extensively from their Birmingham or Manchester Headquarters. Applications should give full details of education, Degree or Certificates held and dates taken, and a resume of business career to date, if applicable. Box 7094

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SURREY County Council Education Committee. Service of Youth. Appointment of Club Leader. Applications are invited from suitably qualified Men or Women for the post of Leader at the Annexe Youth Club, Barnes. Salary: Men, £350 × £20—£500 per annum; Women, £320 × £20—£440 per annum, plus London Weighting. A recognised Certificate of Training and practical experience of work with young people of eleven to twenty years of age are essential qualifications. Further particulars and forms of application may be obtained from the Chief Education Officer, County Hall, Kingston-upon-Thames, on receipt of a stamped (2½d.) addressed envelope.

READING Education Committee. Children's Home, 2 St. Peter's Hill, Caversham. Applications are invited for the post of Resident Woman Assistant at the above-named hostel. The hostel accommodates twelve children (girls and junior boys) who attend local schools. The Staff consists of a married couple, the Assistant a Cook and Domestic Helpers, and is administered in co-operation with the Child Guidance Clinic. The post offers valuable experience for persons of wide outlook who are interested in the various implications of residential care (including children's hobbies) and in fitting children for normal home life. Salary will be at the rate of £5 8s. per week, less 2½ a week for board, lodging, etc. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained from Dr. Ella Ward, Berkshire Child Guidance Clinic, 27 Kidmore Rd., Caversham, Reading. Completed application forms must be returned to Dr. Ward not later than November 26, 1951. (Signed) P. S. Taylor, Chief Education Officer, Education Offices, Blagrave St., Reading.

APPLICATIONS are invited from men and women for the post of Secretary for a static Mass Radiography Unit to be established in Islington. The appointment, who should not be under 25 years of age, will work under the guidance of the Physician-in-Charge. Good general education, preferably to University standard, interest in people and social problems as well as organising ability required. The post will be for 12 months in the first place. Salary Grade C Men £415-£490, Women £335-£425, plus £20 or £30 London Weighting, according to age. Applications, with the names of two referees, to be made not later than November 26 to the Secretary, North West Metropolitan Regional Hospital Board, 11a Portland Place, W.1.

PADDINGTON Group Hospital Management Committee. Applications are invited for the post of Art Therapist for 5 sessions per week for duty in the Department of Psychiatry of the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases at 48 Conway St., W.1. Rate per session £1 1s. Candidates should have had previous experience as an Art Therapist and of organisation of such work. Applications, stating age, qualifications, experience, together with the names and addresses of three referees, to be forwarded to the Administrative Officer of the West End Hospital for Nervous Diseases, 73 Welbeck St., W.1, immediately.

APPLICATIONS invited from persons capable of controlling small finance office. Must be conversant with wages, P.A.Y.E. and budgetary control. Salary £507, rising to £585 per annum. Apply General Secretary, ASSET, 110 Park St., London, W.1.

INTERESTING position for smart young Assistant in small London office. Post requires adaptability for training and personal discipline. High salary cannot be paid. Apply with full personal details, stating age, to Box 6844.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3. Wanted for January, Teacher of General Science to S.C. standard. Man or woman, resident or non-resident.

THE Jewish Orphanage, West Norwood, has vacancies for House Mothers and House Fathers to take charge of small family groups of children during out of school hours. No domestic duties. Experience in youth work desirable. Salary (at present under review) £192 10s. to £275 (women) per annum, £247 10s. to £330 (men), plus full residential emoluments. Superannuation Scheme. Commencing salary according to qualifications. Application form obtainable from Secretary, 76 Leigham Court Road, S.W.16.

CHILDREN'S Home, South Devon. We require Holiday Relief (mid-Dec.-mid-Feb.) for one of our staff. Care of 24 Children. Duties: Supervising Children's routine. Organising outings and games. With the fun of this naturally goes a certain amount of hard work, which the well-being of the Children often entails. Mr. and Mrs. Markus, Hapstead House, Buckfastleigh 2117.

WANTED, married couple for Children's House in Devon, near Torquay. Lovely house in wonderful garden. The husband to maintain it in this condition. Wife, preferably S.R.N., to give every care and happiness to group of 13 children, aged 4 to 12 years. Domestic help given. Applications only from people who feel they have a real vocation and interest in this rather exacting work. Mr. and Mrs. Markus, Hapstead House, Buckfastleigh. Phone 2117.

REQD. Res. Asst. to Matron, three others employed. Com. sal. £150 to £170. Some nursing exper. pref. Full partics. to Matron, Residential School for Jewish Deaf Children, 101 Nightingale Lane, S.W.12. BAT. 3833.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

HOLIDAY staff required to assist running house-parties professional people; experienced cook-caterer, also others to undertake cleaning, serving, washing-up. Full-time with salary or au pair. Dec. 21-28/Jan. 1; April 10-17; August 2-30. State experience and send photograph: Box 7167.

LADY Secretary (30 to 40) required for Children's Home. Book-keeping, Committee work, shorthand and typing. Must have interest in children and residential exper. Apply with refs. to Lady Superintendent, St. George's House, Otley Road, Harrogate.

SECRETARY (full-time or part-time) required by the No Conscription Council. Applications, stating qualifications, experience and salary required, to No Conscription Council, King's Cross Mission Building, Crestfield St., W.C.1.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

YOUNG man (25), shorthand/touch-typist with excellent knowledge English, ex-Capt. R. E., seeks progressive position secretarial or staff administration. Box 6999.

ANY interesting jobs anywhere? Irish woman journalist, at present feature writer on national daily, seeks fresher air. Widely travelled. Competent French, German, typewriting, book-keeping. Travel anywhere within reason for interview at own expense. Box 7063.

MALE Private sec. with excel. refs. wants 5-day wk. poun. in London. Box 7044.

PART- or full-time work sought by female arts graduate with library, editorial and reception experience. Box 6965.

HOUSEKEEPER-Companion of refinement, education and respectability, age 40. Superior in running house, excellent cook, drive car, cheerful and sociable, travelled. Requires post in London from Nov. 15. Excellent references. Phone EDG. 0000, or Write Box M579, Strand House, W.C.2.

CAMBRIDGE Hon. graduate, 25 years, widely travelled Europe, several languages for last 2 years Education Secretary, London International University Organisation, seeks responsible position where initiative, organising capabilities and reliability required; first-class references. Box 6856.

FOR two educated women, interesting part-time work with school holidays, pref. with many others. London/Herts. Box 7068.

EDUCATED woman seeks happy post with cultured people—housework, shopping (not cooking); thorough, conscientious. Priv. house or community. Reas. salary. Box 7060.

TYPING AND TRANSLATIONS

INTELLIGENT typing and clean duplicating. London's speediest service. Plays a speciality. Baker Street Copy-Type Services, 93 Baker St., W.1. WEL. 0066. Also temporary secretaries supplied & wanted.

IF you require manuscripts, books, plays, etc., typed, why not ring EALing 9310, for further details.

EXPERIENCED secretary, holder of comm. teaching certificates, requires free-lance work London or Essex areas. Also MSS typed at home. Box 6886.

DUPLICATING—12 hr. Service. All typing efficiently completed. Mod. fees. Court Secretarial Service, 37a Kensington Hall Street, W.8. WHS. 0781-2.

TYPING and Duplicating by Experts MSS., Plays, Testimonials, etc. Metropolitan Typewriting Office, 7 Stone Bldgs., Lincoln's Inn, London, W.C.2. CHA. 7839.

EXPERT typing: Literary, educ., medical and technical MSS. a speciality. Duplicating & dictation services available. Beretton, 91 Priory Rd., London, N.W.6. MAI. 5391.

ABBEY Secretarial Bureau, 157 Abbey House, Victoria St., S.W.1 (ABB. 3772). First-class typing. Rapid duplicating (in colours), circularising, theses, testimonials, etc.

COMPETENT Typewriting Service. Lit. MSS., Commercial documents, etc. Impeccable work. Moderate fees. MAI. 2659.

DUPLICATING-Typg.: plays, &c., &c. Rapid service. Westbourne Typing Bureau, 239 Westbourne Grove, W.11. BAY. 5979.

DUPLICATING. A prompt, wideawake service guarantees satisfaction or money returned. Price lists, letters, accounts, tickets, folders, booklets, etc. You can try it free: particulars from Mrs. N. Crossley, "Merlin," Anthonys Ave., Parkstone, Dorset.

DUPLICATING /typing/verbatim reporting. An efficient and express service. Bayswater 1786.

MILDRED Furst—Typewriting of every description undertaken under personal supervision, by careful and intelligent typists. Express service if desired. Duplicating 24 hours. Special checking service for theses. Translations. 267 Goldhurst Terrace, London, N.W.6. Mai. 7479.

LITERARY typing, 7-day or 4-day service. Short stories duplicating, etc.—24 hrs. Dictating machine service. Indexing, proof-reading, etc. Translns. (all languages). Temporary staff. Secretarial Aunts, 324/5 High Holborn, W.C.1. HOL. 5831 (Pantiles Chambers, 87 High St., Tunbridge Wells. Tel. 1255.

JEAN McDougall for typing, translations. 24-hour duplicating service, 31 Kensington Church St., London, W.8. WEStern 5809.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

KENWYN Hotel, Earls Court, 29 West Cromwell Road, London, S.W.5. Bed and breakfast from 10s. 6d., other meals optional. Every comfort. FRObisher 1000.

2 girls offer 3rd share s/c flat Clapham Park. 25s. weekly. Box 7032.

LARGE single bed-sitting room to let £2 5s. including heat, light, cooking facilities & service. 'Phone CUN. 9651.

SPAC. single 2-rm. flat newly dec. & furn. Own ckg. fac., b. & w.c. Overlg. Brook Green. £4 p.w. inc. clng. RIV. 5952.

CHARMING bedroom & sitting room vacant Dec. 4. Bkfst., light, baths, 3gns. Bakerloo Tube, 16 & 60 buses. Prof. or business man. Box 6884.

BEDROOM with breakfast offered to student or professional or business man in superior house near Swiss Cottage. Please telephone PRImrose 0695.

COMFORTABLE furnished bedroom and sitting room to let. Moderate rent. 20 mins. Baker St. 'Phone WOR. 6336.

ACCOMMODATION available in Hostel 2 December 20 to January 12. Pleasant surroundings, gardens, easy access to West End. Home comforts. Apply early to Warden, 18 St. John's Wood Park, London, N.W.8.

TRIGON House Hotel, Notting Hill Gate, 40 Pembridge Villas, W.11. 'Phone BAY 0667. Lux. serv. rooms w. board. Reasonable.

TO Let: comf. furn. room, all conveniences, 1st Floor, S. Kensington. FRE. 2861.

HAMPSTEAD Australians have furn. double room (suit 2 friends); also single room to let from Dec. 1. Newly dec., h. & c., self-cont. except for bath. Box 7171.

HIGHGATE Woods. Beautiful divan-rooms, well-kept house; all conveniences. References exchanged. Box 7147.

BEAUTIFUL double room, single beds, H.C. basin; private modern house; close buses & trains. Suit. prof. or bus. people. Breakfast if desired. Box 7039.

TO let, large comfortably furnd. sunny and quiet bed-sit. in private house nr. Sloane Square. Suit professional man. Good breakfast, light and heat. 3½gns. inclusive. 'Phone FLA. 1050.

PLEASANT furn. room, H. & C., & bkfast. for business/prof. person. SPE. 3758.

FURNISHED single room, 32s. 6d. No service. Gas ring, gas fire. Near Kew Bridge. 81 Stile Hall Gdns., W.4. CHI. 4166.

RATHER remote furnished cottage W. Sussex to let, £1 weekly, winter months. No children. Box 6987.

YOUNG family seeking house, Ken., Hampstd. or such, invite other young family share cost freehold purchase and division 2 s.c. maisonettes. Box 7018.

MARRIED Couple, teachers, req. furn. flat, W. or N.W. London. Box 7024.

YOUNG professional woman seeks furn./partly furn. flat (2 rooms, kit. essential, separate bathroom desirable), anywhere on Northern Line between Clapham & Tottenham Court Road, under £3. Box 6926.

MUSIC Critic wants flat, 2/3 rms., unfurn./partly furn. PRI. 7476.

TWO prof. women require furn./unfurn., 2/3 rooms, kitchen, bath, s.c. London, S.W., W., W.C. Box 6989.

WANTED, to buy if possible, very small house, within 5 miles London, North of Thames. One sitting-room, 2-3 bedrooms. Or unfurnished flat, same accommodation. Reasonable price essential. Box 6983.

FURN. flat wanted by yng. couple, 30 mins. Charing X. 4gns. max. Box 6904.

PERSONAL

WANTED, artists interested in starting greeting card publishing business on co-operative basis. Box 7069.

TWO Tricolor Welsh Corgi Dog Pups for sale, 3 months. Beautifully bred and most promising. Pamela Brown, Fairfield, Winterbourne Earls, Salisbury. Tel.: W'bourne. Gunner 217.

EXPD. secretary (also German & Fr.) sks. work 1/2 days a week. Box 7052.

HOME comforts required during school holidays by a youngish resident schoolmaster. Box 6723.

READER interested André Gide's travels would appreciate first-hand information present conditions Algiers, etc., for holiday (Easter). Box 6959.

YNG. man, speaking kndge. of Portuguese, little Spanish, French, Ital. & Engl. available; any remunerative use? Box 6988.

MATLOWS: Box 633C, V. R. (Penzance) —thanks. Please write again.

GENTLEMAN, retired, offers four mornings weekly voluntary office work, Left Wing or other organisation London pref. N.W., W.C. or W. Fares only. Box 6968.

WOULD-BE writer, B.A., fem., 22, wants congenial post; tutoring, journalism or similar. Box 6966.

PHILIP Humphreys, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

PERSONAL—continued

THE National Union of Students has pleasure in announcing that their Winter and Easter Student Travel Programme 1951/2 is now ready. It includes 16-day Winter sports holidays in Austria, France, Norway and Switzerland from £25; a week in Paris for £13 10s.; 17-day Fine Arts of Italy tour for £37; 17-day Campaign tours, Opera visits, parties, return fare from London, £15 incl. For Ski-ing Holiday party leaves Dec. 30 for 11 days at famous centre near Salzburg. All-in £20 inc. TUSY Travel Service, 21 Sutton Ground, London, S.W.1. ABB. 6294.

WINTER Sports Holidays. Switzerland 9 days from £21 10s. 6d., Austria 9 days from £21 12s. 6d. For full particulars of these and many other attractive offers write to Hotel Plan, Limited, 245 Regent Street, London, W.1.

PARIS . . . Le Moulin de la Galette, Rue du Mont Cenis, le Lac du Bois de Boulogne . . . Facsimile reproductions of Renoir, Utrillo, Van Dongen, etc., etc. St. George's Gallery (Books), 65 Old Brompton Rd., South Kensington (1 min. from station). Open daily until 6 (later by appointment—KEN. 7495), Sat. until 1.

STUDY languages in comfortable informal atmosphere. Specialities English (for foreigners), French (elem. and advanced). Expd. native tchrs. Mod. terms HAM. 9097.

PYRENEES, winter holiday. Private apartment, lady, good cook, fluent English. Terms mod., children welcome, lessons possible. Privé, 16 Rue Loquin, St. Jean de Luz.

SHORTHAND in 12 hrs.! Learn TROAB, the simplest system ever devised. Individ. tuition, low fees. Deds.: TROAB Shorthand (NS), BCM/TROAB, London, W.C.1.

PRIVATE coaching for school children by experienced teacher. Box 6888.

VERSES to order for (almost) any occasion. Moderate charges. Allan M. Laing, 19 Wavertree Nook Rd., Liverpool, 15.

PIANO lessons by concert pianist. Continental training. Tel. VIC. 0820.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Anwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan, Ware 52.

IN cases of fatigue and physical debility try Nerve Manipulation. A reinvigorating treatment, stimulating and invigorating. Ask for explanatory brochure. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck St., London, W.1. Inqs.: WEL. 9600

SUNDAY Language Circle, French, German, English. Opening Nov. 18, 5 p.m. South Kensington Restaurant, 10 The Arcade, S.W.7. Admission 2s. 6d.

HEBREW lessons for individuals and groups, children and adults by experienced Israeli teacher. Apply Box 6887.

COACHING to Matric. standard. Donovan. BAY. 3281.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Reservists.

LOOK younger, live longer! A 7-day Relaxation/Nature Cure régime, with hydro, electro and dietetic treatments, in a delightful bijou Guest House, will revitalise your personality and poise. Folder: Vernon Symonds, "The Brooklands," Halloway Place, Hastings. Tel. 2832.

MONTHLY Salaries Loan Co., Ltd., 6 Chandos St., Cavendish Sq., W.1. LAN. 5714. Personal Loans from £30.

SHORT Story Writing. Send 2½d. for "Stories that Sell To-day" (a special bulletin) and prospectus of world-famous course, Regent Institute (B/193), Palace Gate, W.8.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Phyllis Parlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400/1272.

STAMMERING Thoroughly Cured. Send for "The Truth about Stammering" to E. E. Barker, 41 Ebley Rd., Handsworth Wood, Birmingham 20, who cured himself.

INSTANTANEOUS French from a few minutes' daily play with Vocabulet cards. 7s. 6d. Florestan Company, 36 Downside Rd., Sutton, Surrey.

SUNSHINE holidays in Winter. Glorious vacations in the warm sunshine of Palma de Mallorca, Ibiza, Malaga, Alicante and Canaries. A 15-day holiday, fully inclusive London back to London from £32. Apply for full details to See Spain Ltd., 78 New Oxford St., London, W.C.1. MUSeum 9351/2.

HALL for hire Leics. Sq. Dances, meetings, Classes. 17 Irving St. WHI. 3678.

HALL (seat 250) and smaller rooms to let for meetings (not political or Dances). Details: Secy., Mary Ward Settlement, 5-7 Tavistock Place, W.C.1. EUSton 1816.

EXPLORE the magnificent Riviezas by large modern motor yacht. 15 days' cruise. Unique itinerary. Fortnightly departures London, comm. Dec. 2. Our new arrangement allows for ample spending. Write for brochure. European Yacht Cruises, Ltd. (Dept. 104), 6 Glentworth St., N.W.1. WEL. 6377.

PERSONAL—continued

CULTURED middle-aged Continental woman of high integrity, capable, good cook, offers part-time service return pleasant room and small salary, London. Box 6764.

SCHOOL premises or big country houses wanted to rent for house-party professional people, 50-80 beds, August 2-30; also similar premises Home Counties Easter, April 10-17. Box 7168.

WINTER Sports and Christmas Holidays. Our Winter Booklet will provide the answer to your problem whether it is foreign currency or Sterling! Special Winter Sports and Holiday Film Show, followed by Travel Forum, Nov. 28 at 6.30 p.m., Westminster district. Details from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, London, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

WINTER Holidays on skis or by the seashore individually planned. Travel rich, travel poor; but travel happy through Fairways & Swinford (Travel), Ltd., Dept. F, Parliament Man., Abbey Orchard St., S.W.1. Tel. ABBey 2214/5.

WINTER Sports holidays at prices you can afford. Whether you want to join a party or to go on your own you will find something in our programme to interest you. Get your copy now, from Ramblers' Association, 48a, Park Rd., Baker St., N.W.1.

JOHN Lanning will be pleased to send you details of his Swiss Winter Sports Party (Xmas and New Year) 10 or 15 days. Phone Chs. 6436 or write 17 Sicilian Ave., W.C.1.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

ETHICAL Guidance—analytical discussion of personal problems in ethics—problems as to source and as to nature of particular duties. Box 4262.

CHRISTMAS Cards for Countrylovers are now available with delightful illustrations of English and Continental scenes, 5s. 6d. per dozen. Write for call Ramblers' Association Services, 48 Park Road, N.W.1.

P.S. Weinachten in Osterreich! Noël en Suisse! Ski at Obergurgl, 26½gns., or Bretaye sur Villars, 28½gns.

P.P.S. Apply to Harold Ingham, 15 St. John's Road, Harrow. Harrow 1040.

WHERE TO STAY AND RESTAURANTS

OLD Plaw Hatch, Sharpthorne, Nr. East Grinstead. Autumn colourings on Ashdown Forest, wonderful air, and then enjoy a superb meal cooked by Kathleen Batten who knows about food. Club licence. Sharpthorne 17.

ENCHANTED visitor back from Tyrol recommends for ideal ski-ing and winter holidays Hotel Galtenberghaus, Vanes Alpbach. Exquisite food. Delightful atmosphere. 17s. 6d. a day. For infm. ring MOU. 9936.

STEANBRIDGE welcomes people of all nationalities. Quiet guest house in sheltered Cotswold valley offers special opportunities for rest and recuperation during winter months. Home-grown produce; log fires; bkft. in bed (optnl.). Finlayson, Steanbridge, nr. Stroud, Glos. Painswick 2312.

BOURNEMOUTH—Connaught Court Hotel —33 rooms. One acre grounds. Every comfort and superlative food. Terms 6gns. wkly., 21s. per day inclusive. Tel. 1944.

CHILDREN'S Guest House. Every care. Sea, country. Miss F. Johnson, N.F.F., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs.

WINTER in the West at The Carnarvon Arms Hotel, Dulverton, Somerset. Winter holidays or residence. Terms October to March, 5 to 6gns. Central heating, varied and good food. Billiard Room, fully licensed. Tel. Dulverton 2 and 184.

WHITE Cross Hotel, Wallingford. A charming house in secluded grounds. Ideal for long or short stay, conferences, etc. A.A. approd. Tel. 3155.

CORNWALL. Treharrock Manor & Farm. Spend Christmas in Old English Style: Jersey cream, log fires, good food, good company. O. & H. Hilditch, Port Isaac 234.

JUPPSLAND Farm Guest House and riding stables, Adversane, Billingshurst, 'phone 98, Sussex. From 5 to 6gns. with riding; television; h. & c.; electric fires. 1 hr. Victoria, on Horsham Pulborough bus route.

APPLEBY, Westmorland. Garbridge Hotel. Cent. heating. Comf. & good food. Billiards, library, etc. Perm. residents special rates. Fishing, golf, lakes. A.A., R.A.C.

FRENCH Riviera all the year round. Enjoy sun and sea, varied and ample menu, all modern comforts, at less than £1 a day inclusive. Write for brochure: English Manager, L'Ermitage, Bandol (Var).

EDINBURGH. West End. All H. & C. 16 Rothesay Place, 3. Central 4871.

OLD Sussex Village, comfortable accomm. and good country food at Blenheim Farm, Robertsbridge. Horses for hire. Terms 5gns. weekly. Tel. Robertsbridge 148.

HEAL'S Mansard Restaurant for morning coffee, lunch and tea. Good food and wines at moderate prices. Fully licensed. Heal & Son, 196 Tottenham Court Rd., W.1.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS

AMERICAN magazines: Nat. Geog. Mag., Popular Mechanics, Fortune, etc., by postal subscription. Send for details: Thomas & Co. (N.S.N.), 111 Buchanan St., Blackpool.

BOOKS AND PUBLICATIONS—continued

"ARTIST'S Part in Colour Films in U.S.S.R.," critical article trans. from Russian. Autumn issue "Anglo-Soviet Journal." Also articles on Teaching British History (Christopher Hill), Local Govt., Factory Profits, and Developments in Science (J. D. Bernal). 56 pages, illustrated, 2s. 6d. (post 3d.) From 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

"THE Golden Bough" (Frazer) and Boswell's "London Journal"—two of the new limited de-luxe editions now available to booklovers, collectors and connoisseurs. Magnificent bindings in full Morocco leather, tooled in gold in striking individual designs. Superb gifts for Xmas and all occasions. Will be sent post free, 84s. each, with money-back guarantee if not approved. Studley Press (N.S.), Ewell, Surrey.

CHURCH Street Bookshop, 57 Kensington Church St., W.8. New and second-hand books. Also full stock Everymans, Penguins and similar editions. Open all day Saturday. (WES. 4014.)

AUTO-EROTISM, by Dr. Wm. Stekel. The study of Masturbation and the neuroses behind it. "Only book published on the subject. "A most important contribution."—Journal Sex Education. All booksellers or 17s. post free from Peter Nevill, 50-52 Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7.

OUR selection of Christmas books and cards are worth your careful consideration. Please come in and see for yourself—we are near the Brompton Rd. Open 10-6, Sats. till 1.0. Rosina & Maurice Fry, Temple Fortune Bookshop, 5 Beauchamp Place, S.W.3.

THE Journal of Sex Education, a popular scientific Journal for the sexual enlightenment of adults, edited by Norman Haire, Ch.M., M.B., 2s. 9d. post free. Annual subscription 12s. 6d. Inquiries with stamped addressed envelope to Secretary, 36 Devonshire Mews West, London, W.1. Welbeck 7840.

GERMAN books in 7 rooms: Libris, 31a Boundary Rd., N.W.8. MAL. 3030.

DEUTSCHE Buecher Gesucht! R. & E. Steiner, 64 Talgarth Rd. W.14. FUL.7924

"PASTEURISED Milk: A National Menace"? 7d.: Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh 9.

BOOK Bargains! New Books at half price or less. Stamp for lists of offers including Classics, Travel, Art Books, Belles Lettres and many Children's Titles. These offers are all on money back guarantee as we do not sell "cheap" books. Town Bookshop, Enfield, Middlesex.

FRENCH Literary and Political Reviews on subscription. Price list from Dept. P.49, A.F.P., 25 Villiers St., W.C.2.

MISCELLANEOUS

ALL Nations Social Club, Ltd., announces a novel scheme. Short term membership: 1 mth., 10s.; 3mths., £1; 6 mths., 30s.; 1 year, £2 12s. 6d. Club centre, Marble Arch. Lectures, language groups, foreign tours, sport, table-tennis, dancing, dramatics, music, literary and art groups, rambles, holiday tours, etc. Write Office, 51 Chancery Lane, W.C.2. (Hol. 5088).

YOUTH House, an International Social Club and Community. Subscription 30s. per year. Write Secretary, 250, Camden Rd., London, N.W.1.

THE Continental Club for conversation and tuition in foreign languages every Tuesday evening from 8 p.m. 15 Baker Street, W.1. Enquiries, Secretary, CUN. 8837.

CHRISTMAS Cards. Entirely new set from Ditchling Press. Artists include Molly Latham, Robin Jacques, Kenneth Cenner and Stuart Somerville. Variety for 4s., post free. Ptnrs., Ditchling Press, Ltd., Ditchling, Sussex.

PARACHUTES. (1) Pure White Heavy English Silk or Primrose Nylon; each panel 36in × 192ins., 3in. at top; 2 panels 17s. 6d., 4 panels 32s. 6d., 8 panels 60s. (2) Nylon, Peach, Rose or light Blue; each panel 36in. × 150in.; 2 panels 20s., 4 panels 37s. 6d., 8 panels 72s. 6d. New Irish Linen Lengths: (1) Natural Shade, (a) 6yds. × 24in., each 24s. 6d.; (b) 9yds. × 32in., each 27s.; (2) Embroidery: (a) White, 3yds. × 27in., each 20s.; (b) Cream, 3yds. × 52in., each 36s. Carr. free. Satisfaction or money back. H. Conway, Ltd. (Dept. 183), 1 Stoke Newington Rd., London, N.16.

SLENDER Feet? A.A., AAA. You can be perfectly fitted from over 1,000 pairs always in stock, of special Slim Fitting Physical Culture Fashion Shoes; American sizes 6—12. Elliotts, 112 Westbourne Gr., W.2. Buses 7, 15, 27, 28, 31, 36, 46. BAY 4282.

THE London Contact Lens Clinic, 66 New Cavendish St., W.1. Partial Dentures. 8923.

PARACHUTES. British Heavy Sheer Silk in White and Khaki. Each panel 36in. wide, 140in. long, with 3in. top; 1 panel 7s. 6d., 3 panels 21s., 6 panels 40s. 6d. Lovely Nylon in pastel shades of Peach, Light-Green, Sky-Blue and Khaki, each panel 36in. wide, 150in. long, with 4in. top, 1 panel 8s. 9d., 3 panels 24s. 9d., 6 panels 48s. White Nylon, 186in. long, 34in. wide, 3in. top, 11s. each panel. White Rayon Taffeta, 190in. long, 36in. wide, 3in. top, 6s. per panel. Also big quantity Remnant Tricot Nylon and Heavy Quality Curtain Net in various colours. Write for our sample range at bargain prices. Post free. Woollen "O" Blankets, brand-new in Grey, 60in. × 80in. (4 lbs. each), 32s. 11d. Post and packing for blankets 1s. Money back guarantee. Angel Trading Co. (Dept. N.S.), 8 Duncan Terrace, City Rd., London, N.1.

ENTERTAINMENTS

ARTS (Tem. 3334). 7.0 (ex. Mon.), St. & Sun. 5 & 8. "Third Person." Mems.

UNITY, EUS. 5391. "The Hawthorn Grove," a Russian Comedy, Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems. only.

"THE Flies" by Jean-Paul Sartre with Yvonne Mitchell, Mary Hinton, Abraham Sofaer and David King-Wood at the New Theatre, Sun., Nov. 25. Produced by Rupert Doone for The Group Theatre. For terms of membship./prices of tickets apply Sec., 5 Goodwin's Court, W.C.2. TEM. 7631.

WATERGATE Theatre, Buckingham St., W.C.2. TRA. 6261. "Between Whisky and Vodka, a week's season of the Artists' Theatre "Das Kommodchen" from Düsseldorf, literary revue in German. November 24-December 2, 7 p.m., Sundays 6.30 p.m. Mats. Wed., Sat., Dec. 1, 2 30 p.m. Detailed leaflet from Library of the German Language, 4b Belsize Grove, N.W.3. PRI. 6085.

"THE Rake's Progress" (Stravinsky)—an introduction by Eric Walter White with musical illustrations by some members of the Venice cast, Sunday, Nov. 18, at 8 p.m., 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1; Dec. 9, "Billy Budd" (Britten). Partics., Hon. Sec., Opera Circle, 69 Kensington Court, W.8. WES. 7513.

WINTER Sports and Travel Enthusiasts! Come to our Winter Sports and Travel Film Show, Nov. 28, 6.30-9.30 p.m., Westminster district. Winter Sports Films followed by Travel Forum. Tickets 2s. 6d. from Erna Low, 9 Reece Mews, S.W.7. KEN. 0911.

EVERYMAN, HAM. 1525. Until Nov. 18, "Max Ophuls' " Letter from an Unknown Woman" (A). From Nov. 19, "Paris Qui Dort" (U) and "An Italian Straw Hat" (A), both by René Clair.

PEOPLE'S Palace. Adv. 3331. Nov. 18, 7.30. "Il Mulino del Po" (A) (Italian).

B.B.C. Symphony Orchestra. Royal Albert Hall, Wed., Nov. 21, at 8. Introduction and Allegro for Strings (Elgar); Piano Concerto No. 5 (Emperor) (Beethoven); The Planets (complete) (Holst). Soloist: Moiseiwitsch. B.B.C. Women's Chorus. Sir Malcolm Sargent. Tickets 10s., 7s. 6d., 6s., 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s., from Hall (KEN. 8212) and usual Agents.

THE St. Marylebone Orchestra (Conductor: Jack Myers) will present a concert for St. Marylebone Public Libraries, at Seymour Hall (Public Baths), Seymour Place, W.1, on Tuesday, Nov. 20, at 7.30 p.m. Tickets 2s. 6d. (numbered and reserved), 1s. 6d. (unreserved), obtainable in advance.

THE Half Century Social Group invite you to another Special Dance at "London Studios," 11 Gt. Newport St., W.C.2, on Thurs., Nov. 22, 7.30-11.30. Lecarno Dance Ensemble. Prizes and Novelties. Tickets (at door) 3s. 6d.

INTERNATIONAL Friendship League, C.L.B. Dance, Sat., Nov. 17, 7.30-11. Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq. Tickets 4s.

TROPIC Night. Dance & Cabaret presented by the W. African Arts Club and W. African Students Union, Friday, November 23, 7.30-11.30 p.m. Chenil Galleries, Kings Rd., S.W.3. Dancing to Ambrose Campbell & W. African Rhythm & Ron Somers. All-Coloured Cabaret, Philip Gibelo & Company. International W. African Dancing; Beryl McBurnie; Sheila Clarke & Boscoe Holder in W. Indian Songs & Dances. Tickets at door, Single 6s., Double 10s.

INTERNATIONAL Dance. Youth House, 250 Camden Rd., N.W.1. Saturday, 17th, at 8 p.m. Buffet. Adm. 1s. 6d.

DANCE-Social, B.C.F.L., 20 Pont St., S.W.1, Sat., Nov. 17, at 7.30. Czech and English Songs and Dances, also Songs by London Youth Choir. Band. Adm., Members 2s. 6d.; Members' Friends 3s. 6d. (Refs. incl.). Bring your membership cards with you.

CHELSEA Labour Party. Dance, Chenil Galleries, S.W.3. Thurs., Nov. 22, 8-12 p.m. Licensed bar & buffet. Tkts. 3s. at door.

EXHIBITIONS

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints for Christmas presents. Frames should be ordered now. Complete range on show daily at 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 6d. post free.

PICASSO Drawings. Inst. of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Mon.-Sat. 10-6. Sun. 2-6. By popular request.

CONTEMPORARY Art Society. Evening Reception on Nov. 28, 8.30-11 p.m. Preview to Arts Council Memorial Exhibitions of Jankel Adler and Bernard Meninsky at New Burlington Galleries. Members should apply for tickets to C.A.S., Tate Gallery (12s. 6d. including wine & refreshments).

BRIGHTON. The Royal Pavilion with Regency furniture. Dly. inc. Suns. 10-5.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, Hanover Square, W.1. Paintings by Bonnard and Vuillard. Designs for Tuesday by Isabel Lambert's Weekdays 10-5.30. Saturdays 10-1. Until December 8.

PAUL Nash's Camera. An exhibition of photographs by Paul Nash. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Sq., S.W.1. Open till Nov. 28. Mon., Wed., Fri., Sat. 10-6. Tues., Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

LEFEVRE Gallery, 30 Bruton Street, W.1. Paintings by John Armstrong and Hans Tisdall. Daily 10-5.30, Sats. 10-1.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

FUCIK Exhibition depicting the life and work of Julius Fucik to be opened at 5 p.m. on Sat., Nov. 17, at 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Adm. free, all welcome.

EDVARD Munch. An Arts Council Exhibition arranged in conjunction with the City of Oslo. The Gallery. Open till Dec. 1. Weekdays 10-6. Sundays 2-6. Adm. 1s.

GEORGE Melhuish—recent paintings. Irving Gallery, 17 Irving St., Leicester Sq. Until Dec. 1

MARLBOROUGH, 17-18 Old Bond St., W.1. French Masters (6th Series) 45 Paintings—Boudin, Degas, Forain, Monet, Picasso, etc. Daily 10-5, Sat. 10-12.

ROLAND, Browse and Delbanco, 19 Cork Street, W.1. Beautiful French Paintings between 1815 and 1915. Fabric Collages by Margaret Kaye.

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St. Henri de Laurens. Sculptures, Drawings, Prints. First Exhibition in England. Week-days 10-5, Saturdays 10-1.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Contemporary Jewish Artists. Mon.-Fri. 10-5. Sun. 2-5. Until Dec. 2.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. New paintings by Humphrey Spender; Patrick Heron; & Fred Uhlman. Groups of drawings by Graham Sutherland, Keith Vaughan, Prunella Clough & Zulawski. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., London, W.1. 19th & 20th Century French Paintings & Works by G. Loiseau, 1865-1915.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

"THE New Statesman Speaks." Mr. Heinrich Fraenkel, contributor to "The New Statesman" on "Germany Now." Under auspices of All Nations Social Club, Thurs., Nov. 22, at 8 p.m. Questions and discussion. Great Cumberland Hall, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, W.1 (Behind Cumberland Hotel). Non-members 1s. 6d. at door.

SOCIALIST Medical Assen., 86 Rochester Row, S.W.1. Public Meeting, Denison House, Victoria, S.W.1. Fri., Nov. 23, 7.30, U.S.S.R. Health Services: Moscow Visit Report. Adm. 1s. at door, and Xmas Bazaar, Eccleston Hotel, Eccleston Sq., S.W.1. Sat., Nov. 24, 2.30-6 p.m. Earnest appeal for support. Adm. 6d. at door.

HAMPSTEAD Town Hall. W. J. Ellerby on "My visit to Russia Beyond the Urals." Mon., Nov. 19, 8 p.m. Adm. 6d. Educ. Committee B.S.F.S.

INSTITUTE of Contemporary Arts, 17 Dover St., W.1. Current Exhibition, Picasso Drawings. Nov. 19: Film Programme "Voyage Surprise (Pierre Prevert). 1st Ling. showing. Nov. 20: Platform for Poets. (Chair: Louis McNiece.) Nov. 21: Public View on Picasso Exhibition. Nov. 22: Lecture—"Futurism" (J. P. Hodin). Nov. 23: Alan Rawsthorne speaking on his Piano Concerto No. 2. Nov. 24: At Home: "Chansons Intimes" (Hedli Anderson).

STEPHEN Spender on "European Unity" at Christian Action Lunch-hour Forum, Caxton Hall, Tues., Nov. 20, 1.15.

FABIAN Autumn Lectures: "Is This Socialism?" Tuesdays, Nov. 20, 27, Dec. 4. Walter Padley, M.P., Alex Comfort, Anthony Crosland, M.P., Livingstone Hall, S.W.1, 7.15. Single tickets 2s. 6d. & 4s. Apply: Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

WOOL Education Society. Lectures in London, Leeds, Manchester, Cambridge. Members receive quarterly journal "Wool Knowledge." For details of membership apply to Director of Education, International Wool Secretariat, Dorland House, 18-20 Regent St., London, S.W.1.

BRITISH Rumanian Friendship Assocn.: Members & Friends invited to Annual Gen. Meeting, Mon., Nov. 19, 33 Pembridge Sq. (Nottinghill Gate), 7.30. The Rumanian Minister has been invited to attend. Recent visitors to Rumania to speak. Refreshments.

CONWAY Discussion Circle. South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Weekly discussions in the Library on Tuesdays at 7 p.m. Nov. 20, J. F. Horrabin, "Do We Need a National Theatre?" Admission free. Collection.

ANGLO-Russian Relations: A Conference with R. H. S. Crossman and R. Palme Dutt; Saturday, December 1, 2.30 p.m., Beaver Hall, Gt. Trinity Lane, E.C.4. Tickets 1s. 6d. Tea should be ordered with applics. (Not payable in advance. 1s.) Fabian International Bureau, 11 Dartmouth St., S.W.1.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. Nov. 18: Dr. W. E. Swinton, Ph.D., F.R.S.E., "The Seeing Eye." Questions after lecture. Admission free. Chamber Concert 6.30 p.m.

"THE Building of the One World Consciousness." Mrs. John Coutts. Sun., Nov. 18, 7, Theosophical Soc., 50 Gloucester Place, W.1.

"SPOTLIGHT on Egypt." Eileen Bigland will speak in Finsbury Libraries' "Pub Parliament" at the "Wilmington," Rosebery Ave. (nr. Mount Pleasant). Mon., Nov. 19, 7.30. (Free).

SOC. of Labour Lawyers. C. H. Rolph on "Sexual Aspects of Criminal Law." Nov. 19, 7 p.m. "The Feathers," Tudor St., E.C.4.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

BRITISH-Czechoslovak Friendship League invites all Youth to an Open Conference to promote friendship with the Youth of Czechoslovakia, Sat. 17th, at 2.30 p.m., at 20, Pont St., S.W.1.

BRITISH-Czechoslovak F'ship. League, 20 Pont St., S.W.1. Tu., Nov. 20, at 7.45. Mr. Stanley Hartrion, returned after living there for 31 years, will speak on "Co-operatives in Czechoslovakia." Chair: Mrs. Sadie Griffiths. Adm. free; all welc.

THEOSOPHY, Public Lecture, Sundays, 7 p.m. United Lodge of Theosophists, 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. All welcome. Nov. 18: Special Meeting. (Commemorating the birthday of the Theosophical Movement of this Century.)

"THE Threat to Science." Prof. J. B. S. Haldane and Prof. C. F. Powell, 8 p.m. on Wed., Nov. 21, in the small Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Tickets at door. Organised by Science for Peace.

PROF. N. A. Nikam: "Contemporary Indian Thought," Nov. 23, 8.15. 17 Gt. Cumberland Place, Marble Arch. Free.

BRAINS-TRUST on Abortion Law Reform:—Mrs. F. Eatenge, J.P. (Past President National Council of Women), Graham Hutton, Dr. Eustace Chesser, R. S. W. Pollard, J.P., Alliance Hall, Caxton St., S.W.1. Thursday, Nov. 22, at 7 p.m.

"GET the Tories out of Northern Ireland." G.W. Gallacher speaks, Holborn Hall, W.C.1. 7.30 p.m., Wed., Nov. 21.

AUSTRALIA-New Zealand Civil Libertics Society. Inaugural Meeting Tues., Nov. 20, 7.30 p.m., Small Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. John Pladis-Mills speaks on his recent visit to Aust.-N.Z. All welcome.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. November 24, at 6 p.m. Mr. C. W. Frerk: "What is Esperanto?"

TARBUT La'Am—Jewish Cultural Centre. Opening Meeting Sunday, November 18 at 8 p.m. "Jewish Tradition"—discussion led by Dr. M. Gertner, (Hochomer Hatzair) and Dr. S. Stein (Lecturer in Hebrew, U.C.L.) at 57 Eton Avenue, N.W.3.

BEN Uri Art Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. "Intuitive Art. Illustrated lecture by Dr. J. Hodin (Director of Studies, C.A.), Sun., Nov. 18 at 8 p.m. Visitors 1s. 6d.

"THE Achievement of Representative Democracy"—J. F. S. Ross, M.C., B.Sc., Ph.D., will give the Aneurin Williams Memorial Lecture. Chairman: Wilson Harris, M.A., London School of Economics, Houghton Street, Tues., Nov. 27, at 6 p.m. Adm. free, without ticket. For reserved seats apply Miss Lakeman, B.Sc., 82, Victoria Rd., S.W.1.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, Swami Ghanananda at Kingsway Hall every Tues., 7.30 p.m. Nov. 20: "Conception of Duty." All welcome.

ALEC Craig: "Humanism—An Ethical Creed?" Hampstead Ethical Soc., 783 Finchley Rd., nr. Regal Cinema, Golders Grn. Sun., Nov. 18, 7.45.

"WRITING for Children in Poland." A talk by Barbara Morris at Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Place, W.1. Nov. 16, 7.45 p.m. Chairman: Pearl Binder. Examples of books on display. All welcome.

J. Hutton Hynd, "Why do People Subscribe to the Old Religions?" At the Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Place, W.2. Sun., Nov. 18, at 11 a.m.

"SOVIET Archaeology": illustrated lecture by Prof. V. Gordon Childe, Thurs., Nov. 22, 7.30. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. Adm. 1s.

"INDIA To-day and the Indian Communist Party": R. Palme Dutt, Holborn Hall, Nov. 22, 7.30. All cordially invtd. 6d. at door.

SOCIETY for Sex Educ. & Guidance. Dr. Philip Bloom on "Premarital Guidance." Wed., Nov. 28, Conway Hall, 7 p.m. Free.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

NIETZSCHE Society, Course of 4 Lectures, N. A. J. Leahy: "Nietzsche, creator of Modern Psychology." Univ. Coll., Gower St., 7 p.m., Nov. 20, 27, Dec. 4, 11. Adm. free.

DALCROZE Eurhythmics. A Christmas Holiday Course will be held by the Dalcroze Society Training Centre in Eurhythmics from Dec. 31 to Jan. 3 at 10a Newton Rd., W.2. There will be classes in Rhythmic Movement and Keyboard Improvisation. A highly qualified staff. A Demonstration with Children. Lectures by Ernest Read, F.R.A.M., and Leslie Regan, B.Mus., on aspects of Musical Education. Fee £2 2s., plus deposit of 5s. Apply Secretary, Dalcroze Society Inc., 102 Newton Rd., W.2. BAY 6123.

RELEASE from over-tension and over-fatigue through re-education of posture and movement. Many symptoms are based on faulty muscular habits. Enquiries to Secretary, The Isobel Cripps Centre, 18 Lansdowne Road, Holland Park, London, W.11. Tel. Park 7222.

HANOVER School of Modern Languages. All Languages. English for Foreigners. Intensive Courses. Day & Evng. Classes. Private Tuition. Preparation for Exams. Accom. arranged. 1 Hanover Sq., W.1. GRO. 7347.

LECTURE COURSES. Etc.—continued

SCIENCE in the Far East. Joseph Needham, F.R.S. Dec. 7-9. Braziers Park School of Integrative Social Research, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

"THE Jewish Position Today"—Sunday Services at 10.45 a.m., with Addresses by Rabbi Leslie I. Edgar, M.A., beginning Nov. 18, at The Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Road, N.W.8 (opposite Lord's Cricket Ground): I. "What are the Jews?" (Nov. 18); 2. "The Message of Judaism" (Nov. 25); 3. "Liberal & Orthodox Judaism" (Dec. 2); 4. "Judaism and Christianity—Agreements and Differences" (Dec. 9); 5. "The Present Responsibility of the Jew" (Dec. 16). All welcome.

MARLBOROUGH Gate Secretarial College for Educated Men and Women. Director, R. W. Holland, O.B.E., M.A., M.Sc., LL.D. Comprehensive training for high-grade secretarial appointments. Intensive business course for those seeking administrative appointments in business. Prospectus on interview on application to Secretary, 61/62 Bayswater Rd., W.2. Tel. PADdington 3320.

TOUCH-typing. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

A CENTRE for Foreign Languages. Day and Evening Classes in French, German, Spanish, Italian for beginners of all grades. English for Foreign Visitors. Priv. Less. in all languages. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free. Language Tuition Centre, 10 Portman Sq., Marble Arch, W.1. May. 4640, 3805.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management. Special arrangements for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students accepted. Social amenities. Apply to J. W. Coveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Road, N.W.3. Ham. 5986.

LONDON University and other exams.: City University Correspondence College, founded 1887, prepares students for Entrance (Matric.), Inter. and Degree Exams. in Arts, Science, Econs., etc., Dip. in Public Admin., Social Studies; for General Certificate of Education (Ordinary and Advanced Levels), Oxford, Cambridge and others, Professional Prelim. exams., Law, Civil Service, Local Govt., etc. U.C.C. is an Educational Trust not conducted primarily as a profit-making concern. Mod. fees; instalments. Pros. free from Registrar, 70 Burlington House, Cambridge.

LANGHAM Secretarial College trains educated girls for highly-paid posts at home and overseas. Vacancies now at new address, 18 Dunraven Street, Park Lane, W.1. Tel. MAYfair 2904/5. Prospectus from Secretary.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., North.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (Est. 1894).

TOUCH-TYPEWRITING. Learn in 12 private lessons. Peggy Sutton. FLA. 1493.

SCHOOLS

KINDERGARTEN Boarding School, 3-8. Activity methods on sound psychological principles. High academic standard. Miss M. Paget, B.A., Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs. Telephone Thanet 62547.

PALINURUS School, Ebworth Park, Near Stroud, Glos., known for its serenity, has vacancies at reduced rates under bursary. Co-ed. 5-13. Progressive. Creative afternoons. Food reform (not exclusively). Specious life. Common Entrance, &c., undertaken. Pers. tuition regularly. One adult to two children; difficult, backward child welcome.

PINEWOOD, Anwellbury, Herts (Watford ½) for children 4 to 14, where diet, environment, psychology and teaching methods maintain health and happiness. Facilities for weekly boarders. Elizabeth Strachan.

ST. CATHERINE'S, Almondsbury, nr. Bristol. Co-ed.; boarding; all ages. Overlks. Channel, Welsh Hills. Vegetarian and food reform diet. Music, Dancing, Drama, Crafts, etc.: Ralph Cooper, M.A., and Joyce Cooper.

ST. Mary's Town and Country School. Day School: 3S, 4S, Eton Ave., Hampstead. Boarding School: Stanford Park, nr. Rugby. Realistic, modern approach. Boys & Girls, 5-18. Swimming, Riding, H. & E. Paul, Ph.D.

STERLING House School, 33 Victoria Rd., W.8. WESTern 8399. Boys and girls up to 7 years, girls only up to 11 years. Prepares for Common Entrance. Car service. Apply Principal, Mrs. Venning.

PROPERTY FOR SALE

BOOKSHOP Library for Sale. Attractive double-fronted shop in industrial area 16 miles N.W. of London. Flourishing no-deposit library pays all expenses; owner-manager would find scope and profit in developing promising "popular" second-hand and new book sales. Price represents little more than value of stock and fittings. Box 7045.

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISEMENTS, 1s. 6d. per line (average 6 words). Box No. 1s. extra. Prepayment essential. Press Tues. Insertion delayed some weeks. State latest date acceptable. 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1. Hol. 8471.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 574 and 575

Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York N.Y. Post Office, 1928. Printed in Great Britain for the Proprietors by Cornwall Press Ltd., Paris Garden, Stamford Street, London S.E.1. Published Weekly at 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, London, W.C.1.